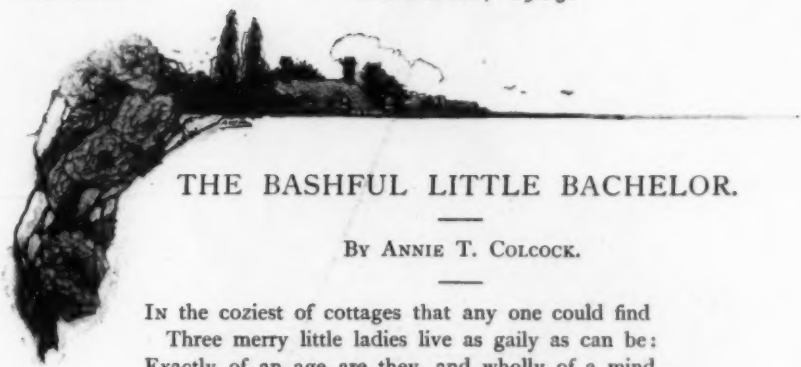


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THE BASHFUL LITTLE BACHELOR.

BY ANNIE T. COLCOCK.

IN the coziest of cottages that any one could find
Three merry little ladies live as gaily as can be:
Exactly of an age are they, and wholly of a mind,
So it is n't very likely that they 'll ever disagree.

They have settled it among them in a very pleasant way;
For one had owned the cottage, and another had a cart,
While a third one kept a pony with a coat of dappled gray—
And it seemed like utter folly for the three to live apart!

So they potter in their garden till the flowers love to grow;
And they drive about the countryside, the neighbors for to see.
"We 're really no relation, but we rather like it so,"
Say Miss Molly and Miss Dolly and Miss Polly, all the three.

A bashful little bachelor, who lives across the way,
Has quite an eye for beauty and a very tender heart.
"My charming little neighbors grow more charming every day!"
He exclaims, when e'er they pass him in their little pony-cart.

At first he was not brave enough to make a formal call
On Miss Molly and Miss Polly and Miss Dolly, all three:
So he threw a kiss at twilight just across the garden wall,
But the proper little ladies all pretended not to see.

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One night, beside his lonely hearth, he thought the matter o'er:
"I really want a wife," he said, "no matter which it be;
I 'll write a tender letter, and I 'll leave it at the door
For Miss Molly and Miss Dolly and Miss Polly, all the three."



So he took a sheet of paper with his monogram in red,
And the writing he put on it was a marvel for to see,
With a flourish to each capital; and *this* is what it said:
"Will Miss Polly or Miss Molly or Miss Dolly marry *me*?"

He tied it up with ribbons, and he hung it on the gate —
As the door-bell tinkled noisily his heart went pitter-patter!
Then he hid around the corner, but he had n't long to wait,
For all the little ladies ran to see what *was* the matter.

They found the little letter, and they read it in a trice;
And Miss Dolly and Miss Molly and Miss Polly said: "Oh, me!
It 's really a proposal, and it 's surely very nice,
For it shows that he admires us exceedingly, you see."



Said Dolly: "I would marry him if I were all alone";
And Miss Polly and Miss Molly said: "Why, yes; and so would we!"
"But he 'll have to separate us, or it really can't be done,"
Said Miss Polly; and the others cried: "We perfectly agree."
"Do you know, in *my* opinion, 't would be wiser to decline,"
Said Molly; "for to separate would never, never do!"
Said Dolly, then: "Your thoughts, my dear, quite coincide with mine."
And Polly smiled delightedly, and cried: "I think so too!"

So they wrote a little note to him that very afternoon:
"We do not wish to marry, and we hope you'll not insist;
But won't you drop in sociably some evening very soon,
And take a cup of tea with us, and play a game of whist?"



So now the little bachelor goes calling once a week,
And all the little ladies are as gracious as can be.
He's getting more courageous, though he hardly dares to speak;
But he quite enjoys his game of whist and likes his cup of tea.

Miss Molly holds the teapot, and Miss Polly pours the cream,
And Miss Dolly, with the sugar-tongs, supplies his cup with lumps;
And the game of whist that follows is like a happy dream,
And he smiles across the table when his hand is full of trumps!

THE BELL-BUOYS STORY

BY JOHN WEATHERBY.

MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER, as soon as you have finished taking all the snap-shots of me you care to, I wish you would come over here. I want to tell you something. You are the first boy who has visited this yard that has not scratched his name on my old weather-beaten sides or climbed along my railing and pounded rocks at my bell until my head fairly ached; and I think all the more of you for it. I have grown to like boys,—that is, the right kind,—for you know I am a boy myself, although I do not spell my name just as you do.

You must not think that because you find me here in this navy-yard scrap-heap, with other worn-out apparatus, that I am an ordinary buoy. I have been a proud spirit in my day, and I rent the shackles that bound me to a stupid berth down the coast. I have been a rover, and have sailed the main as proudly as any vessel that floats—more, I have traveled whither I pleased, and no human hand guided my course. We roamed together, the wind, and the waves, and I, and some friends we met by the way. I have seen better days, but I am tired and am resting, and now maybe they will let me end my days ashore.

Come closer, little chap, for I like you and I will tell you my story.

For a long time I had been lying on a government dock, when, one morning, some men came and gave me a new coat of bright red. I felt very proud to have my fellows see me so gaily attired, but in a day or two they carried me off, and dropped me in the water, and towed me down the coast until we came to the southeastern shore of Florida. There they fastened a huge chain and anchor to me, and there they left me. I was supposed to warn seamen of

a chain of dangerous rocks—"keys," they call them—a little to the north of me. That, of course, would have been a useful enough occupation for any self-respecting buoy, but I soon found that I was wasting my energy in clanging away at my bell with nobody but the waves and the gulls to hear me; for, believe me, not more than a vessel or two came within sight or sound of me once in a month.

I had often talked it over with the waves, and together we had agreed with the wind that I



"NOT MORE THAN A VESSEL OR TWO IN A MONTH."

ought not any longer to bury myself in this way. If I could have been of any use I would not have cared. They promised their help.

So in a few days the wind came hurrying

down from the west, and a little later the waves came also, and the two of them tugged at me with all their might; but my anchor—one of that mushroom kind—by this time was very little adventure worth speaking of. One moonlight night, as I was bowling along at a comfortable rate, I suddenly felt the chill of icy water, and the Gulf Stream told me we were



"I SEEMED TO PROVOKE NOT A LITTLE INTEREST."

buried deep in the sand. A few more tugs, however, and my chain parted and I was free. *Free*—think of the joy!

The wind and the waves kept me company until we reached the warm, swift-moving waters of the Gulf Stream, and there we parted.

I thought to myself, "Now, maybe, I can see something of foreign waters"; and as the Gulf Stream was going that way, I concluded to go too.

We sailed along for a week or more, with

meeting the cold Labrador Current, and that we must be near Nova Scotia, or more probably Newfoundland. I felt sure he was right when I saw a Canadian fishing-smack go by me. I seemed to provoke not a little interest, for the sailors peered at me as if they had never seen a bell-buoy before. I saw one of them go below, and in a moment reappear with a chart, which he spread out on the roof of the deck-house, while all hands studied it; and even after he had taken it back to the cabin, they kept

talking me over and pointing at me until I was out of sight. Perhaps they thought I had no business there, just because they could not find me on their stupid old chart. But then, how were they to know that I was a free buoy and had left the service of Uncle Sam? The Gulf Stream told me that whenever he meets the cold water of that arctic current a fog sets in that is almost as difficult to see through as a mainsail, and that it has caused the end of



many a fair vessel and honest fisherman.

I was nodding off to sleep that night when I heard a shout, and, peering through the mist, I saw a small boat, and as I drew nearer I saw that there were two men in it.

"Lost off the Banks!" I said to myself.



"'LOST OFF THE BANKS!' I SAID TO MYSELF."

How often I had heard the waves tell of such things; but how real the thing seemed now, and how awful! They had probably rowed off from the fishing-vessel to draw a net; and the fog had shut in on them and they had lost their bearings. Poor fellows! They had heard my

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bell, and it reminded them of home—of the early morning bell in the little church of their Nova Scotian fishing-village; and those two lonely, lost fishermen, adrift on the broad Atlantic, at the sound of my tolling had bowed their heads in a prayer for help. How glad I would have been could I have helped them!



I moved along on the current of my good friend the Gulf Stream, when, a little after daylight, I suddenly felt something—indeed, it seemed as if there were fifty "somethings"—grasp me all over my upper framework, and then climb up on my body until I was three fourths under water. I struggled to free myself, but it was of no use. Then I heard a panting voice say: "Let me rest a minute, whoever you are, and don't let that big fellow get me."

By this time I had quite recovered from my surprise, and knew I was in the embrace of a huge cuttlefish.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble enough," he said. "I have been chased by a greedy old whale until I was about ready to give up, when I saw you. I think I am safe here, for he won't want to tackle you. You are too much bone for his taste."

I let the old fellow rest awhile until he thought it was safe to go; and he swam away, the most grateful cuttlefish you ever saw.

A few days later I had the greatest scare of my

life. It was about six bells in the morning when I banged with tremendous force against a rock, as I thought; but in a moment I came to my senses, and saw before me a towering ice-wall that seemed to reach to the skies. And oo-oo-oo but the water was cold! The shivers ran up

my broken anchor-chain until they reached my bell, and shook it like a main pennant in a gale. I saw that the ice had been melting fast, and just as I was backing off, a loose mass from high above came toppling down, and landed squarely on my head.

It hove me down until I thought I would never right again; but I am a pretty strong buoy, the engineers always said,—stronger, I imagine, than if I spelled my name as you do,—and I bounded back like those toys you boys have that always sit up straight, no matter how you lay them down. To this day I have felt strained in my upper frame from that shock.

As the berg drifted away I looked off at him, and I could not help pitying him as I thought of the majestic fellow drifting unconsciously to his doom; for I knew from the direction in which he was heading that the hot sun and the warm waters would soon put an end to him.

The next day I passed a swordfish, and I jangled my bell to attract his attention; but he was so busy chasing a school of mackerel that he would not stop. Perhaps he did not hear me. I was sorry, for I was a bit lonesome and would have enjoyed a chat.

But I must n't dwell on the sad parts so much, for really, to tell the truth, I had the best kind of time, on the whole.

A few days after I had left the iceberg I had an awfully funny experience. It did n't seem so funny at the time as it has since I have thought it over. It was about four hours after sunrise, and I was bargaining with some sea-



"I COULD NOT HELP PITYING HIM AS I THOUGHT OF THE MAJESTIC FELLOW DRIFTING UNCONSCIOUSLY TO HIS DOOM."

gulls, whom I wanted to clear my frame of a lot of seaweed, in return for which I was to let them ride on my back for the rest of that day, when I suddenly felt myself thrown high in the air, and as I looked down I saw beneath me the long, black body of a sperm-whale.

I was so cross—no, mad: I am afraid I was downright mad—that I took no care as to where I should “land” when I struck the water, and, as luck would have it, I came down *ker-plunk* right on the old fellow's tail! The story got around somehow, and he was the laugh of the sea for miles about. I saw him several times after that, but he never forgave me, for he was lame for a month and could scarcely



swim. His little joke turned out quite differently from what he expected; at any rate, he never tried to play basketball with me again. If he was the same whale that chased old-daddy-long-legs cuttlefish, I am not sure but that it served him right, while I *am* sure he had only himself to blame.

I came across a forlorn old schooner during a violent thunderstorm one day shortly after this. She was a wreck,—what they call a “derelict,”—and nobody was on board. I followed in her wake for nearly a day, but she had so much more exposed than I that the wind finally carried her off from my course.

You will understand that I was making acquaintances all the time; but they were a restless lot for the most part, and usually did not care to bowl along at my leisurely pace.

I must tell you about some athletic sports in which I took part. One bright, clear day, shortly before sundown, I was overtaken by a

jolly lot of young porpoises just let out of school. They were frisking away as happy as could be, greeted me pleasantly and hurried along. One young rascal called back, asking if I did n't want to be towed



—fancy! They had not been gone more than an hour when they came rushing back—in increased numbers, as I at once saw. The biggest one of the lot, the chap who had been saucy to me before, swam up to say that shortly after they had left me they had met another school, and the idea occurred to them that it would be good fun to have some jumping games, and that maybe I would n't mind if they used me as a sort of hurdle. I did n't at all like the idea at first, but they were so nice about it that I finally gave in.

I really believe that if any vessel had passed near us for the half-hour that followed, it would without doubt have thought that a sub-



marine earthquake was taking place. Such a splashing and springing you never saw! One little chap, instead of jumping through my bell-frame between the lower cross-bar and the upper plates of my body, as the others did, had barely force enough to land him squarely upon me, and there he lay flopping about while the whole school laughed heartily—that is, they



“SHE WAS A WRECK,—WHAT THEY CALL A ‘DERELICT,’—AND I FOLLOWED IN HER WAKE FOR NEARLY A DAY.”

puffed and snorted at a great rate, and I presume it was what they would call laughing. she would run me down! I was determined to be heard this time, so I clanged away at my



"I RANG MY BELL, BUT TOO WEAKLY TO MAKE HER HEAR, FOR SHE KEPT RIGHT ON HER COURSE."

The little fellow was so ashamed that when he finally rolled off he swam back to his home without waiting for the fun to be over.

And so it went; nearly every day there was something new.

To make a long story short, I drifted far to the north of England, and finding nothing of interest in that direction, I turned to the southward.

By this time I was pretty tired and, I must confess, a wee bit homesick. I looked with longing after a huge passenger-steamer as she came somewhere from the southern coast of Ireland, bound back to America. I rang my bell, but too weakly to make her hear, for she kept right on her course. I watched her longingly until she disappeared on the horizon.

Then along came a government cruiser. How glad I was at the sight of the old flag as the vessel bore straight in my direction as if

bell with a will; but I might have saved my strength, for they had already seen me and had



"THEN ALONG CAME A GOVERNMENT CRUISER."

slowed up to meet me. It was the business of her officers, it seems, to look after waifs and runaways like me, and they certainly did their duty. Indeed, I afterward learned that they had known of my leaving those Florida Keys, and, in a way, had been on the lookout for me for many weeks. A boat was lowered and I was towed alongside, and in a few minutes was hauled aboard and finally brought back to America and my friends.

So here I am, taking a quiet rest after my long buffeting of the tireless waves.

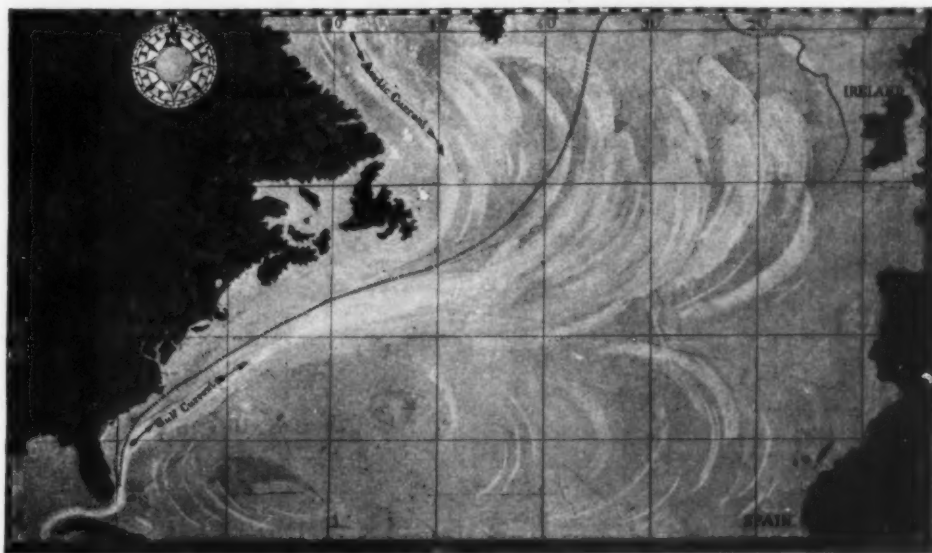
I overheard an officer say the other day that there was a chart up in Washington somewhere showing the course they supposed I had taken. Their map may be correct, but they could never put down on a chart the many things I have seen and heard and done. That

is something they know nothing about, for I am telling you some of them now for the very first time.

If I am ever needed I shall be willing enough to go into service again if they will only select a berth that is more worth my while, and they can rest assured that the next time I will stay where they place me.

And yet, do you know, I shall not be sorry if they let me end my days right here in this quiet retreat, within sight and hearing and smell of my old friend the ocean, and where I can occasionally have a jolly little chap like you to talk to.

Come again, old fellow; but when you *do* come I am going to ask you to tell me *your* story: for, as I said before, you are a boy, too, though you don't spell it with a *u*.



"I OVERHEARD AN OFFICER SAY THE OTHER DAY THAT THERE WAS A CHART UP IN WASHINGTON SOMEWHERE SHOWING THE COURSE THEY SUPPOSED I HAD TAKEN."



PANSIES.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.



HE pansy blossoms please me so,
With faces all awry:
See this one looking at the earth,
And that one at the sky.

While this one laughs, that yonder frowns,
And here 's one wants to talk;
And all this happens ev'ry day
Just by the garden walk.



WHAT 'S THE USE?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON.

I.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
You can't paddle with your toes
In a puddle; you can't yell
When you 're feelin' extra well.
Why, every feller knows
A grown-up can't let *loose*.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

II.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When I 'm big I don't suppose
Explorin' would be right
In a neighbor's field at night —
I won't *like* to get my clo'es
All watermelon juice.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

III.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
You could n't ride the cow.
An' the rabbits an' the pig
Don't like you 'cause you 're big.
I 'm *comfortublest* now.
P'r'aps I am a goose:
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

IV.

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why, every day
You just have to be one thing.
I 'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy — I can play
That I 'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older —
What 's the use?

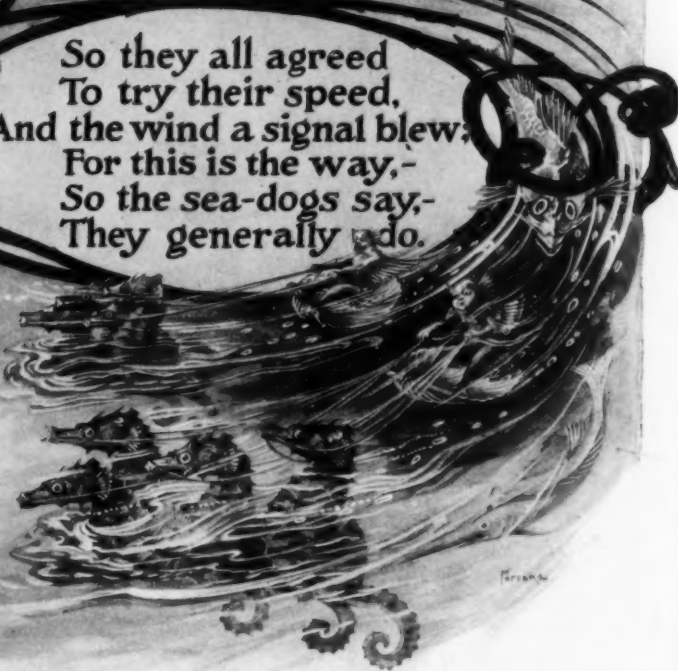
THE RACE OF THE SEA-HORSES.

BY ELIZABETH
RUGGLES.



FROM out of the depth of the
Dark blue sea,
A sea-horse reared his head.
And "What do you say
To a race to-day?"
In a hoarse little voice, he said.

So they all agreed
To try their speed,
And the wind a signal blew:
For this is the way,
So the sea-dogs say,
They generally do.



The
FARMONT
TEA-ROOM
 by Frances Cole Burr.



THE morning sun shone full through the unblinded windows of the east room upon the face of a young girl asleep in the great mahogany bed. She stirred uneasily and opened her eyes, sleepily at first, then wide in bewilderment at the unfamiliar surroundings. She stared at the muslin curtains fluttering in the cool air; at the fireplace with carefully laid sticks ready for the match; at the big cretonne-covered lounge with its one plump, ruffled pillow. Here her eyes rested in dazed recognition, for on the lounge was a traveling-case, elegant, modern, and somewhat out of keeping with the old-fashioned repose of the room. Near the lounge stood a small mahogany toilet-table, on which were scattered the many ivory and cut-glass toilet articles belonging to the case.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the girl, the memory of her long journey of yesterday rushing back as she surveyed the room more closely. It was large and bare, and its exquisite neatness was revealed by the sunshine which glorified every corner. The few pieces of mahogany furniture were quaint and elegant.

A half-hour later she softly opened her door, for she was almost afraid to disturb the hush of the house. No one was to be seen as she stepped lightly down the worn, polished stairs.

From a lower room came swiftly to meet her a little white-haired woman in black.

"My dear," she said, her sweet face beaming with pleasure, "I did not waken you—I thought you would sleep late. You are refreshed, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, aunty," replied the girl. "But how strange it all seems! I'm half-believing it's a dream—it's like a new world. Are you always so still?"

"You find it quiet?" said the elder, with a

shade of anxiety. "It is a change from Chicago, doubtless, but it is sure to do you good, after all you have passed through, dearest child! How happy I am to have you with me! But you must breakfast before we even begin our acquaintance." And she led the way to the dining-room, where the girl's quick eye ran over every detail of the room, the dainty breakfast, and the maid who served it. She was evidently accustomed to rapid judgments, but these conditions were perplexing because her standards seemed not to fit the case. To be sure, the rug was worn, the silver thin with age, the window-curtains frail from much laundering; but, then, too, there was with it all elegance and refinement. How could such things be? But she gave up wondering and turned her attention to the raspberry jam.

"Like melted rubies!" she said. "Where do you get it, auntie? Papa asks for raspberry jam sometimes, but he does n't seem to care for it when he gets it. It never looks like this, though."

"We have grown these raspberries for many years," said her aunt, "and the receipt for the jam comes from your great-grandmother. I always make it myself."

"Oh!" said the girl to herself, with another bewildered glance. "Makes her own jam!"

Miss Sabrina talked of her journey, of the brilliance of the February sunshine, of the pot of tulips on the breakfast-table, of everything except the new first sorrow which had darkened her niece's life, until they went into the library. There the girl chose a low seat close by her aunt's side, and began to talk of her mother with clear, tearless eyes and unbroken voice, but with eagerness to make vivid the picture which was so beautiful to her own mental vision.

"Yes, Elinor dear," said Miss Sabrina. "You cannot know how anxious I am to hear about her."

She seemed to be looking back on something very far away as she told of her life in Chicago, her school and friends and unclouded happiness until she came to the last sad month.

"It all happened so suddenly. Mama was ill only a week — we never dreamed she would leave us. Even now I can't always think it is true. And then in two weeks the crash came in the city. Poor papa had seemed dazed since mama died. I had n't even thought to ask him about business, though I had known for weeks before that things were serious and even critical some days. Papa talked to me lots, you know, and I knew about business matters. But after mama went, nothing else seemed important, and we just used to talk about her; and when the failure came, papa seemed hardly to care the first day, then suddenly he woke up and went into it all, harder than ever. He'll fix it somehow; you'll see. Papa could n't be poor. He's just got to have money — lots of money."

"Poor James!" murmured Miss Sabrina.

"Yes," said the girl, "I know. I often said 'poor papa,' but you don't know how he loves it all. Even the worry and excitement and uncertainty — he just loves it. I like it, too. Papa and I used often to plan how we would have managed together if I had been a boy. I would have gone in with him next fall. But now I don't seem to belong anywhere. I can't help papa, and darling mama is gone —" And she stopped, her face became flushed, and suddenly, with wild crying, buried her head in Miss Sabrina's lap.

Miss Sabrina's tears fell fast on the bowed head. The story had opened for her a vista into a different life.

This was her first meeting with the only daughter of her youngest brother, who had gone as a boy to Chicago, married when very young, accumulated a fortune, and was separated from his New England family as completely as though he were living in a foreign country. Photographs often came of the beautiful wife who was prominent in the social world, and of the daughter who rapidly grew to be

like her. Always, of late years, costly gifts came at Christmas-time, but rarely a letter. He seemed to have had no time to visit his old home where this one sister, much older than himself, lived. But the daughter often asked about her only living aunt, and this visit had been planned before the double calamity which left the man wifeless and financially ruined. He took the latter blow philosophically enough. He had seen many another man go down and also come up again. He almost welcomed the necessity for furious struggle to regain his place, for this helped dull the sickening sense of loss and despairing grief, and he was eager to fight it all over again for the girl who was sobbing out her first grief in her aunt's tender arms.

Later in the morning, after Elinor had unpacked her trunks, the contents of which were something of a revelation to Miss Colby, and they were again seated by the library fire, a light step was heard in the hall, and a fresh young voice said:

"May I come in?"

"Yes indeed, Persis," said Miss Colby, as a tall, slender girl appeared in the doorway. "Elinor, my dear, this is Persis Gardner, my neighbor and my very good friend — and yours, too, I hope. You are kind to come so early to welcome my niece."

"I have been waiting impatiently since breakfast; we have been so happy in anticipating your coming."

"Thank you," said Elinor, shyly. "I did not expect to find Aunt Sabrina's friends so young"; and the girls laughed with Miss Colby.

"Persis is almost alone, as I am, and we comfort each other, I hope."

"You know I could n't do without you, Miss Sabrina," said Persis, with grave tenderness. "You see, I live with some distant relatives in that little house beyond the garden, so I am here often. Miss Colby lets me study here when I can't have quiet at home."

"Are you in school?"

"Yes; getting ready for college next fall. I heard from my mathematics yesterday," the girl said, turning to Miss Sabrina. "An 'A' — are n't you glad?"

Miss Sabrina seemed to know about the mathematics and other matters of which they spoke, while Elinor listened and observed with keen interest. The girl's brown hair was brushed smoothly back and massed in a heavy knot at the proper angle. Her brown eyes were clear and bright, though she wore eyeglasses, which added to her serious expression; but there was more than a suspicion of drollery

was her aunt's, for that matter. And as Elinor marveled at the gracious dignity which dominated the unfashionable garments, she questioned, for the first time in her well-millinered existence, the vital importance of an absolutely correct cut.

"I never saw any one quite like Persis," thought Elinor, "but she looks very nice."

Meanwhile Persis was thinking with gener-



"'JUST IN TIME, AUNT,' SHE SAID." (SEE PAGE 885.)

in the curves of her pretty mouth and the tilt of her firm chin.

Her vowels seemed aggressively broad, and her morning-dress was undeniably plain—the limp skirt of two seasons back, and the flannel shirt-waist of rather doubtful fit. "Awful style," commented Elinor to herself. But so

ous admiration that she had never seen any one so pretty or so perfectly dressed. The waves of Elinor's soft brown hair were pinned and clasped into an effect of complicated simplicity. Her wide-opened blue eyes, her brilliant smile, and the soft color which came and went so readily, vivified the pretty, studied graces of

careful training. She was still in her traveling-suit, and wore a shirt-waist, as Persis did, but with a difference: it was tailor-made, and betrayed its breeding in each immaculate detail.

"I know I shall like her," thought Persis;

when, one morning, as Elinor was looking over Persis's collection of photographs, she came to a series showing glimpses of a little village of wide, elm-shaded roads and white cottages.

"How pretty these pictures are!" she said.

"Where were they taken?"



"'AWFULLY JOLLY LITTLE PLACE, THIS,' REMARKED TEDDY, THE SPOKESMAN, AFFABLY." (SEE PAGE 890.)

and she did. The friendship grew and strengthened through the months which the three spent together. For Mr. Colby's affairs remained unsettled, and Elinor's visit was prolonged. They were beginning to talk vaguely of summer plans,

Elinor was looking into space, with a thoughtful wrinkle between her eyes.

"I should think such a place needed a tea-room," she said.

"A what?" said Persis, with some surprise.

"Those are all Farmont pictures. Yes, Farmont is pretty—very pretty," said Persis. "I remember the first time I saw it we were driving through on a coach. It had been a dusty ride, and we were all so thirsty; but, will you believe, there was nothing to be had to drink except water and milk! Not even at the hotel, as it was n't meal time. It seemed strange, with city boarders in almost every house on the main street. I've been there several times since. It's very pretty; but I always begin to feel thirsty as soon as I get there."

"What is there to do in such a place?" asked Elinor.

"Oh, nothing very much," said Persis. "People read, and walk, and make things for Christmas, and go up the mountain, and drive a great deal, and the girls all study a little. Oh, I don't know—but lots of people go there."

"A tea-room—don't you know? A sort of center where people could drop in in the afternoon and get tea, or frappé, or something."

"Do you mean a restaurant?" asked Persis.

"No, indeed!" said Elinor, with scorn. "I mean a—a—why, don't you know what a tea-room is? I should think it would pay."

"Well, then, let's do it, if it's a good thing and we could make some money," said Persis, practically. "That's what I must do this summer."

"Who—we do it?" exclaimed Elinor.

"Yes—why not? Could n't we?"

"Why-ee! *Would* you?"

"Well, I don't quite know what it is yet; but I want to get in the country this summer, and I want to earn some money to help out next year at college; and I'll do anything—a tea-room or anything else that will combine these two highly desirable features."

Elinor's eyes were round with astonishment. Then the business instincts of her father's daughter began to stir within her. What would it be like to earn instead of spend? Her quick, vivid, practical mind saw all the possibilities.

"Just in time, aunty," she said, as Miss Sabrina appeared in the doorway. "We have a simply stunning idea, and we want to know what you think of it!"

Miss Sabrina smiled with polite patience as she seated herself in the chair which Persis of-



"ELINOR RETREATED TO THE KITCHEN, WHERE SHE HUGGED HANNAH ECSTATICALLY." (SEE PAGE 890.)

ferred. She could not easily accustom herself to the nervous extravagance of her niece's speech.

"We were talking of Farmont, aunty; do you know Farmont?"

"Very well indeed," said Miss Sabrina; "the Wares spent their summers there for years."

"Well, aunty, could n't we go, you and Persis and I, and take one of those little houses on that wide, grassy main street, and make the parlor a sort of place where people would like to come? And then, when they came, beguile them with tea and lemonade and things — and candies, too —"

"And we could put up lunches," said Persis. "No native of Farmont can make a self-respecting sandwich."

"And have some embroideries started for the people who get out of work. I love to do one corner, but I loath doing four!"

"And ices, too —"

"My dears!" gasped Miss Sabrina, "what do you mean?"

"Just what we are saying, aunty," said Elinor. "Will you be senior member of a company whose worthy aims are to make its everlasting fortune and charm the town of Farmont?"

"Dear Miss Sabrina, we really do beg your pardon," Persis repentantly began. "We did n't mean to startle you, but perhaps we've thought of something. You know I must have a little more money before I go to college next fall, for I can't be sure of tutoring or anything else the first year, and I can't do good work if I'm worried about the money part. And if this idea of Elinor's is practical, and it does seem so at first thought, why could n't we go, we three, and try it? At least it would give us a summer in the country, and if we did n't make much we certainly could n't lose anything, for we could keep house cheaper than we could board — if we could keep house, and if you would take Hannah with us, and if she would go —" She paused breathless, while Miss Sabrina closed her eyes and tried to grasp the clue.

"Could you tell me, more slowly and rather more clearly, just what you mean?" she finally said to Elinor.

And Elinor began to describe the room, already quite real to her own mind: the walls papered in yellow-and-white stripes; the white-painted woodwork; the tea-tables on which viands not native to Farmont should tempt the presumably ravenous appetite of the summer people; the luncheons put up for bicyclers and mountain-climbers —

"But this would mean work — hard work

and constant work. You do not seem to realize this, and you know nothing about it," Miss Sabrina interrupted.

"I should n't mind working," laughed Elinor.

"Then there is the financial side," she said after a few moments' thought. "It would be necessary to invest some money in the beginning. Persis has nothing to risk, and you may not know, Elinor dear, that my income is very small and requires careful management."

"Well," said Elinor, "I should n't think it would take much, and I have some money of my own; I could use that. I should pay my board wherever we went, and I could just as well invest it all at the beginning of the summer, and then you and Persis could pay your share weekly, or something like that."

"Well," said Miss Sabrina, finally, "you know I am free to go to Farmont if it seems best. You know, too, my dear," turning to Persis, "that your education is a matter of interest and concern to me, and I am proud of your efforts and achievements so far, and will gladly help if I can. The plan does not seem to me quite so self-evident an assured success as to this astonishing young person; but after you have thought it over more carefully I will be led by your young heads to any reasonable length. *Provided*," she added with emphasis, "always provided Elinor's father understands the matter fully and gives his consent."

Then she left them. Shortly after this Persis went home, and Elinor wrote a long and much-underscored letter to her father, which was deciphered by him with great trouble. Then he wrote a letter of approval.

Of course the reaction came for all three, and was endured in solitary misery by each. There were hours when Miss Sabrina wondered how she could have been so hasty, so foolish, so weak-minded as to allow these children to gain her consent to this folly; hours when she had haunting visions of herself sitting behind the counter of a bake-shop selling buns to the Wares — for, despite Elinor's powers of description, the idea took this awful form in poor Miss Sabrina's mind; hours when she pondered how to break the news to Hannah; and, above all, a desperate reluctance to meet this startling departure from the usual peaceful calm of her summer life.

Elinor, too, had seasons of flaming cheeks when she wondered what certain girls of her own set in Chicago would say; homesick days, too, when she longed to give up everything and fly back to her father's arms.

None of these things troubled Persis, but she trembled sometimes at the thought of putting any of her tiny fortune into this venture. Suppose they should fail? And then she had an offer to spend the summer at the sea-shore and tutor two small boys; but the plan was far under way by that time, and she could not retreat.

Late in April they journeyed to Farmont. Swelling buds and balmy air were left behind as they went northward among the hills, and barren boughs, acres of mud, and lingering snow-drifts greeted their vision as they stood shivering on the little wooden platform waiting for the hotel bus.

"This is n't the place — this can't be!" cried Elinor, in amazed disappointment.

"I don't wonder you think so," said Persis. "I can hardly believe my own eyes. Miss Sabrina, can that swamp trail around the hill be the lovely bridle-path?"

"This is April, remember, not August," said Miss Sabrina, drawing her mink cape closer.

They drove to the hotel, and after a cup of tea, which they obtained after much persuasion, their courage rose with their temperature.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things,'"

murmured Persis, as they finished; "and now I'll bring Mr. Plummer."

Mr. Plummer was frankly and flatteringly curious to know why his guests had visited Farmont at this season.

"Want to rent a house, do ye?" said he. "What fer?"

"To occupy this summer," said Miss Sabrina, without a shadow of resentment. She had been in Farmont before.

"Calculatin' to take boarders?" he inquired.

"N-no," said Miss Sabrina, feeling a little uncertain as to what local name would be given to the plan she was "calculatin'" on.

"Goin' to keep help?" he continued.

"We shall bring one servant," said Miss

Sabrina, with an inward tremor at the memory of that interview with Hannah.

"Wal, I d'nno. How big a house do ye want?"

"The location is of more importance," said Miss Sabrina. "We wish to be central."

"There 's the Watson place," said Mr. Plummer, meditatively; "that jines the store."

"No; that would not do. I wish to be farther up the street."

"Wal, I d'nno," he repeated. "I did hear that the Slosson girl was thinkin' of leavin' town since old man Slosson died. That 's a considerable pretty place. Why don't you go see Susan Slosson? She 's to hum now. I d'nno if there 's anything better—if there 's that."

"Well?" said Miss Sabrina, turning to the girls.

"Certainly," said Elinor; "let 's go at once."

The Slosson place was near the road — a neat white cottage, with its front door opening into a tiny hall, from which narrow stairs ran steeply up. A square best room was at the right, into which they were shown by Miss Susan Slosson, who answered their knock, and who was a large person clad in a calico wrapper and decorated with a string of gold beads. Her air was questioning, not to say suspicious, as she admitted them, and it increased as their errand was made known. She did n't know why Plummer had felt called on to say she was goin' to leave Farmont. She did n't know as she was. She was all upset since pa died. Pa had been childish and a dretful care, and she was all wore out. She had said she might go down below to stay a spell with her sister — she did n't know as she would, and then again she did n't know *but* she would.

Meanwhile Elinor's eyes were roving in disappointment about the room — a hopeless room for their purpose.

"I doubt whether your house would suit our needs even if you wished to rent it," said Miss Sabrina, stemming the easy flow of Susan's uncertainties.

"That 's for you to say," returned Susan, with instant resentment. "I d'nno what you 'd find better kep' up or more convenient."

"May we look at the house?" asked Miss

Sabrina, with some hesitation. There proved to be two bedrooms behind the parlor and hall, with windows opening toward an orchard which extended back of the house. From the little hall another door led into the dining-room, which Miss Slosson explained was used in winter as a kitchen also. A door at the farther end opened into a summer kitchen. Elinor's spirit, which had nearly died within her, lifted its head once more. The dining-room was large and low, with raftered ceiling and brick fireplace. This was nailed up with a sheet of zinc, and an iron range stood on the brick hearth. Above the narrow shelf were cupboards with brass-knobbed doors.

An outer door opened on a narrow piazza half overgrown with honeysuckle.

"I believe it will *do*!" whispered Elinor, clasping Persis's hand nervously. "With lots of white paint, and muslin curtains, and new wall-paper, and that fireplace rescued, this room would be lovely. Just look at all the little shelves about—"

"We will look upstairs now, if we may,"

Miss Sabrina was saying, "and then we will go back to the hotel to consider the matter; and meantime you can decide whether you care to rent your house for five months, and what your price would be. To-morrow morning we will call again."

The conference, after supper, in the little

hotel sitting-room was fraught with fearful joy and hopefulness, and in the morning Miss Slosson, who had consulted friends overnight, was



"HE WAS ALSO MUCH GIVEN TO BUYING THE ENTIRE STOCK OF CANDY." (SEE PAGE 892.)

found ready to vacate her house May 1st and seek untried pleasures "down below."

Miss Sabrina explained their plans, and Susan was graciously tolerant, observing that, as far as she could see, one thing that city folks did was n't any foolisher than another.

Miss Slosson was visibly amazed by their request to have the carpets, which were gorgeous, taken up, but assented readily, and agreed also to their desire to have the dining-room and parlor floors painted at their own expense. They retained the use of only such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, relegating to the store-rooms above, the family portraits, the stuffed furniture, the fancy-work, and the parlor organ. She explained to Miss Slosson that they wished their housekeeping to be as simple as possible, while their landlady rejoiced in the rescue of so many of her possessions from the wear and tear of daily use.

Persis took the afternoon train back to Boston, and during the next few days Miss Sabrina knitted fears and trembling and repentance and corroding care into the shawl which busied her fingers, while Elinor, immensely entertained, made friends with the various personages whose help she needed.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Plummer, three days later; "it's real aggravatin' sometimes. Marcy ought sure of to come when he promised—he ought, really. It's kind of upset him—that there white background to your paper. He said he never put on none like it and he was kinder thinkin' it over a spell. He thinks it will show dirt too much. He'll be round to-morrow, I guess."

At the end of the week the renovations were fairly under way. Miss Sabrina and Elinor returned to Boston, and the girls began their collection of the varied furnishings for the tea-room.

Aunt Sabrina reminded them of the practical necessities.

"All such expensive suggestions," the girls said reproachfully.

"But absolutely necessary," returned Miss Sabrina, with mild firmness.

Elinor's account-book was a model of accuracy, and Miss Sabrina wondered daily at the method, the directness, and the sense with which this untrained girl led the enterprise. Persis followed philosophically in the rear, accepting Elinor's projects with calm appreciation of their financial value and sturdy disregard of work involved.

"It's college for me," was her invariable answer when Miss Sabrina protested against

the multiplying schemes. Many dozen fascinating little jam-pots and a big preserving-kettle were purchased, and the Farmont raspberries bloomed and blushed all unconscious of the plots against them. Elinor thought of everything—of boxes for luncheons, of waxed paper and white wrapping-paper and paper napkins, of canned and bottled dainties, of flavorings and colorings, of gilt cord for candy-boxes, and olive oil for salads, and labels for the jam-pots. When the day of their departure finally came, all of their goods except their trunks had preceded them.

Already summer life was beginning to stir in Farmont. Several near-by cottages were opened, and yellow carts and buckboards appeared on the village street. In Miss Slosson's dooryard the clumps of yellow lilies and blue iris made a delicious splash of clear color. The apple orchard was a wilderness of fragrant beauty which the bobolinks translated into song, and again Elinor said:

"This *can't* be the place!" as they paused at the gate. A moment later they were in the transformed kitchen—pure, cool, and glorified with its white paint, the radiance of the brass knobs, candlesticks, and andirons faintly reflected in the pale yellow stripes of the wall-paper.

"I can't *wait* to fill that fireplace with fern," cried Elinor, "and we'll put the long window-seat here, and the two little tables *so*. Oh, Persis—oh, Aunt Sabrina! did you ever see anything so *dear*!" And the two girls whirled about the room in a mad two-step which served to relieve their overcharged feelings.

Hannah, alone unmoved, took immediate possession of the summer kitchen. This example had good effect, and Miss Slosson, who took the outgoing train, was bidden a decorous farewell. By night the new housekeeping was fairly begun. By the next night the tea-room stood a realized dream, with Elinor's first vague description—"a sort of place where people would like to come"—fulfilled in carefully thought out provision for the needs and pleasures of the summer visitors.

A round table stood by the window-seat, at which the industrious could sit and drink their tea while they looked over the embroideries which Elinor had selected with exquisite taste.

Temporarily near was a tiny glass show-case which was to hold the supply of home-made sweets. On the opposite side were little tables where ices could be served.

Then on a morning—a notable morning—Marcy, who had developed by the way of the white wall-paper into the factotum, fastened to the fence an artistic little sign modestly lettered "The Farmont Tea-room." By noon all was ready, and the proprietors of the new institution sat down in nervous anticipation to await events.

Meanwhile, down the village street four bicycles leaned against the hotel piazza, and three boys adorned several chairs; the fourth hovered uncertainly between the office and piazza, and finally sauntered up the road. Ten minutes later he reappeared.

"Say, you fellows," he called, "come on! There 's the smoothest little joint up here! Frozen stuff and bully-looking candy. Wake up and come on."

"It 's a mirage," remarked one, resignedly. "He 's just seeing things. There never was anything frozen in this town after April 1st."

"All right," returned Teddy; "don't call names when you come by later and find the freezer empty"; and he sped swiftly up the street, closely followed by the incredulous three.

Elinor and Persis, who had bravely faced their first customer, and stared after him in indignant perplexity when, after a comprehensive glance about, he retreated with a hasty promise to return, now clasped hands in terror as the quartet appeared in the little dooryard.

"They are coming in, Persis Gardner—the whole four of them! I should think people ought to come one at a time till we are a little used to it," whispered Elinor, nervously.

"*They* don't know it is the first time," said Persis. "Don't you dare be afraid"; and she advanced with outward dignity which cloaked a quaking heart.

These boys seemed to crowd the dining-room in an unaccountable manner, and Persis felt a lack of preparation for meeting the possible wants of four extremely big and thirsty boys.

"Awfully jolly little place, this," remarked Teddy, the spokesman, affably. "We fellows

have just been dining at the hotel, and thought we 'd finish up here, if we may. We 'd awfully like something cold."

"We have raspberry sherbet," began Persis, and a fervent "Great!" came from the ranks, "and ice-cream—"

"That 's it," said Teddy; "that 's what we want."

"Both?" said Persis.

"Yes, please, *all*," said Teddy, and the four disposed themselves about two tables.

"Oh, *more*, Hannah!" whispered Elinor when she reached the back kitchen, as she detected a tendency in the maid to avoid at least an over-generosity in filling the plates; "they look so big and hungry." And the feast began.

Teddy read the printed slip which lay beside his plate with visible joy.

"We 're going on to Thorndike this afternoon," he said, "and we shall be late getting there; if you could put us up a luncheon—?"

"Certainly!" said Elinor, with very bright eyes and very flushed cheeks, and she retreated to the kitchen, where she hugged Hannah ecstatically before beginning to make the sandwiches. Miss Sabrina came to help, and Persis appeared for more sherbet.

"They 're eating fudge, too," she hysterically whispered, "and jam; and they say to make it a big lunch!"

A half-hour later the quartet slowly wheeled away with luncheon-boxes strapped to their handle-bars, and the proprietors of the tea-room gazed speechlessly at each other.

"The greedy—big—" began Elinor. "They 've taken *all* the candy, and there 's hardly any sherbet left! What shall we do if any one else comes? And I had to give them the chicken we were going to have for our supper. I never supposed that any one would want lunch the first day."

Persis laughed with streaming eyes.

"You goosey!" she said, when she could manage her voice, "did n't we make it to sell? And is n't this the best kind of advertising? Those four boys—"

"Greedies!" interjected the unmollified Elinor.

"—will spread our fame throughout New Hampshire. And look at the cash-box!"

"Fine, healthy b'ys!" said Hannah, grimly, from the doorway.

Miss Sabrina sank into a chair and fanned herself with agitation.

"Dear me!" she said. "Dear me! It does n't seem nice to allow them to pay so much for a little refreshment this warm day. Such nice-looking boys, too; and tired out, I dare say. Dear me!"

They had opportunity to discuss the matter in all its bearings, for no one else came that day. And next day only a little girl wandered in and bought half a pound of candy. They had ice-cream for supper that night, and tried not to look at each other, and went early to bed.

But next day a gay procession from a newly opened summer cottage stopped to read the little sign, and promptly dismounted from buckboard and horseback and invaded the place. From that hour the fame of the tea-room was secure. It rivaled the post-office as a rendezvous. Hannah's mayonnaise went to every picnic, great-grandmother's jam was ordered by the dozen pots for next winter's breakfast-table, and people learned that they must come early to get candy. There was an assistant for Hannah in the kitchen, and Marcy came each morning to make the ice-cream.

Those were days of hard work, of early rising and careful planning and thrifty managing, but their success was constant.

The days were not all smooth. The village children, pledged to a supply of berries through the short season, were given to berrying in companies; so that there were days when the kitchen overflowed with the perishable fruit, and days when the favorite sherbet was called for in vain; also days when candies were sticky and fudge refused to cream. On one such, Persis, who was placidly labeling jam made in the early cool of the morning, glanced up with aggravating lack of sympathy as Elinor flung off her close linen collar, and only remarked under her breath:

"The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks beneath their chins
Six inch 'igh an' more."

Elinor stirred viciously, and the evil mixture suddenly hardened into an obstinate lump.

"Curioser and curioser!" said Persis.

"If you must quote," burst out Elinor, hotly, "I wish you 'd quote somebody besides Kipling and 'Alice in Wonderland'! I 'm tired of the sound of both of them."

"If you ever read anything worth quoting, it would be to your advantage," replied Persis, meeting the heat with freezing resentment.

And then Elinor flung down her spoon, readjusted her collar, and went out over the brow of the little hill, and curled down in the hollows between the roots of a great pine-tree, and fell asleep with a tear on her cheek. Here her father found her an hour later. He came unexpectedly on the morning train, picked up Miss Sabrina in a hasty embrace, and left her palpitating with surprise and joy while he followed her incoherent directions as to where he would probably find Elinor, the pine-tree being a favorite retreat from business life.

"Little daughter—father's little girl," he whispered; and after a moment of dazed staring, this business woman was sobbing on her father's neck.

"I 'm s-spoiling your collar"; and she stopped to laugh wildly. "But oh, papa, how good of you to come. When *did* you get here?"

It was another hour before they started back to the house, and a long time before they reached it.

Persis was waiting for them in the orchard with Miss Sabrina, who was visibly agitated by the sudden appearance of this tall, keen-eyed man, his abrupt, nervous speech, and hands that trembled a little.

Then in the evening there was a business talk.

"Things are on their feet, little girl," he said. "Are you ready to come back and be house-keeper?" And Elinor's tears were near the surface again as she threw her arms about his neck. She lifted her head to nod triumphantly at Miss Sabrina.

"I told you he'd fix it! I knew papa would be all right! But, papa," she hesitated, "I don't see how—I 'm afraid not just yet. I must n't desert my partners, you know"; and she gazed appealingly at her father. "I have one hundred and thirty-seven dollars invested here, too," she added, with some concern.

Mr. Colby laughed outright.

"Let's see the books," he said; and Persis brought out the orderly journal and ledger, over whose showing Mr. Colby whistled softly and nodded with pleasure.

"Is n't it wonderful?" said Miss Sabrina. "Would you have believed that these children could have done so much and managed so well?"

"These children, indeed!" said Persis, with generous protest. "Are n't you the head and front of us?"

"I am only a very bewildered looker-on," said Miss Sabrina.

"And this means college for you, Miss Persis?" queried Mr. Colby.

"Yes, Mr. Colby," said Persis, with shining eyes; "my share of what we will make this summer, with what I have already, makes my first year sure, and part of the second. After that I am to have a scholarship, and, with tutoring and vacation work, I am safe to begin."

Elinor squeezed her father's hand and glanced up at him with a look of deep significance, to which he responded in kind, but he said only:

"Yes; I am sure you are all right."

"May I go on, papa, for a month, till the season is over?" asked Elinor.

"We-ell," meditated Mr. Colby, "that depends on whether the tea-room will take a boarder for a month."

"Who? *You*—oh, you dear! Can you

stay a month? Will you?" cried Elinor; and Miss Sabrina broke out into a gentle psalm of delight.

So the little house received a new inmate of expansive ideas, who, however, was not allowed to pay any but market rates for his room, and stoutly declared that he had been paying five times as much in Chicago for something not half so good.

Also he insisted on a third helper in the kitchen, so that the work could oftener spare Miss Sabrina and the girls. He was also much given to buying the entire stock of candy and distributing it among the children he met on his daily tramps.

But it was the normal business of the tea-room—the result of clear-headed management—that made the cheering balance-sheet, which showed expenses paid, Elinor reimbursed, and Persis fairly started on her college course.

Miss Sabrina and Hannah went back to their lonely housekeeping with perhaps a secret sense of well-earned rest, but with a longing for next summer, when Mr. Colby and Elinor were to come East again. Persis's firm chin was more resolute than ever, and not even Elinor knew the ambitions at the back of her clear brain as she said good-by, with her face turned collegeward.

And when Elinor packed her trunks for the journey to Chicago, in a middle tray was laid carefully away a little sign which read

THE FARMONT TEA-ROOM.





MONDAY MORNING IN FAIRYLAND.

FIVE HUNDRED LITTLE WORLDS.

BY MARY PROCTOR.

OUR sun is attended by a stately retinue of four terrestrial planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, and four major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; while between the major and the terrestrial planets wander five hundred little planets or worlds. For a long time the presence of these little

worlds remained unknown, although the illustrious Kepler suggested that a small planet might be wandering in the vacant space covering millions of miles between Mars and Jupiter, but had so far escaped detection. In 1785 an astronomer named Von Zach determined to find the missing planet, and made

elaborate schemes for its capture. In September, 1800, he organized at Lilienthal a force of astronomers who were requested to solicit the aid of others "in tracking and intercepting the fugitive subject of the sun."

The task was not an easy one, owing to the fact that stars and planets are so much alike. Under the disguise of a star the planet had so far escaped detection; but the astronomers knew one sure way of recognizing the truant, and they laid their plans accordingly. There are some insects fortunately provided by nature with a disguise that enables them to resemble a leaf as long as they are motionless. A wise bird in search of food for its little nestlings at home, however, is not easily deceived. It watches the leaf until it is assured that it is a leaf, but the moment the supposed leaf begins to move about, then it pounces on it and makes it captive. Now it is very much the same way with the planets, which might well be mistaken for stars; but as the astronomer watches them night after night, he observes that while the stars keep the same places with regard to one another, there are other bodies that seem to creep slowly among the stars, proving that they are planets or wanderers. In this way we can follow the movements of a planet along the highway marked out for it in the sky, while if we kept our eyes glued to a telescope for a hundred years the stars would still maintain the same place with regard to one another. Nevertheless we know they are moving, though centuries must pass away before any change can be detected.

As an illustration, when walking by the seashore we can easily follow the motion of the small rowboats near the shore, while distant steamers seen on the horizon are apparently absolutely motionless. In reality they are going as fast as steam will drive them, but they are so far away that they seem at rest. Now the stars are the steamers of the sky, and the planets are the little boats near the shores of our planet. We can follow their movements so that we know where they are at any time during the course of the year, or we can tell where they will be one hundred years hence, or where they were one hundred years ago.

The honor of finding the missing world was

reserved for a Sicilian astronomer named Piazzi, who was not even looking for the planet. He had been engaged for ten years in making a chart of the heavens, when on January 1, 1801, he was surprised at finding a little object that the next evening proved to have changed its place among the stars. A few evenings convinced Piazzi that the object was slowly but surely moving, and the astronomer concluded that it must be a comet without a tail. He wrote to some friends in Milan and Berlin, telling them about his discovery; but unfortunately, owing to delay in the delivery of the letters, Piazzi's friends did not receive his message until several weeks later. Meanwhile two events had occurred: first, owing to a serious illness, Piazzi had been compelled to cease his observations of the supposed comet; and second, the moving object had come in range with the sun, so that it was no longer visible. Meanwhile an astronomer named Bode suggested that the moving object might be the missing planet, and was dismayed at the thought of the captive thus easily regaining its freedom. Great alarm was felt lest it should be lost definitely, but a mathematician named Gauss promptly came to the rescue. He argued that since the moving object had been seen by Piazzi in a certain part of the sky on January 1, 1801, it would probably make its reappearance the next year about the same date and at some place to be determined by a series of calculations. Consequently he warned the astronomers to be on the lookout for the wanderer on its return. As often happens in such cases, the eventful night proved misty; sleet, rain, and clouds seemingly in league against the planet-hunters. However, on the last night of the year, the moving object was rediscovered by Baron Von Zach at Gotha, very nearly in the place predicted by Gauss, and it indeed proved to be the missing planet. Great excitement prevailed in the astronomical world, and the climax was reached when the planet was again seen the very next evening by Dr. Olbers, at Bremen, just a year after its discovery. Piazzi named the new planet Ceres Ferdinandeia, after the goddess supposed to preside over Sicily and in honor of the King of Naples, but it is better known as Ceres.

The astronomers now felt that their search

was at an end, and that they might consider themselves on the retired list as far as search for the missing planet was concerned; but their labors were only just beginning, and could they have looked forward into the future they would doubtless have withdrawn from the encounter in dismay. About two months after Ceres had been rediscovered a second planet was found by Dr. Olbers, who named it Pallas. However, as both bodies were very small, Dr. Olbers suggested that perhaps the original planet had exploded, Ceres and Pallas being the fragments, and that there might even be more fragments. Apparently as a proof of the explosion theory, two more planets were indeed found during the next few years, and were named Juno and Vesta.

After keeping up the search for other possible fragments during the next nine years, and finding none, Dr. Olbers decided to rest on his laurels, unaware of his mistake of looking only for stars that were large and bright. As a consequence no more little planets, or planetoids as they are sometimes called, were discovered until the year 1845.

In that year Herr Hencke, a retired postmaster of Berlin, after devoting fifteen years of his life to a search for any stray planetoids that might have been overlooked, finally succeeded in capturing Astræa on the night of December 8, and Hebe eighteen months later. Since then so many of these tiny worlds have been discovered that astronomers scarcely know how to dispose of them.

It is no easy task to keep track of the five hundred planetoids drifting amid thousands of stars, especially as new planetoids are rapidly being admitted as members of the huge family of the sun.

As soon as an applicant for admission proves to be a genuine newcomer, the planet is labeled permanently with a name, and is then entitled to a place in the family of the sun. For instance, one discovered in 1898 is now known as Eros (433), the only masculine title in the entire list of four hundred and thirty-two planetoids already named. To hear the roll-call of the little worlds one might well consider it a list of names at a girls' school, since such names as Irene (14), Ophelia (171), Angelina (64),

Victoria (12), and Adalberta (330) grace the list.

Eros (433) was discovered on August 14, 1898, by an astronomer named M. Witt, at the Urania Observatory, Berlin. M. Witt was not looking for a new planetoid by any means, but he was searching for a missing wanderer named Eunice (185), which had been observed in 1878 but managed to lose itself again.

M. Witt not only succeeded in finding Eros (433) and the missing Eunice, but a planetoid named Astræa, which was due at that time according to its path traced in the sky.

Meanwhile the old-fashioned method of charting the stars has been replaced by a new system introduced by M. Wolff in 1891, the search for planetoids being made by means of photography; and in this way M. Witt captured Astræa, Eunice, and Eros (433). Calculation showed that Eros must have been near the earth, and therefore bright, in 1894. On examination of the photographic plates taken during that year, and again in the year 1896, it was found that the little truant had been captured several times by the camera set to trap celestial fugitives. Sir R. S. Ball thus explains the difference between the old and the new method of planetoid-hunting: "In days of old the luckless astronomer had to sit with his eye glued to the telescope all night long. Nowadays he simply puts in place of his eye a series of photographic plates and films which are moved across the eyepiece of the telescope in regular succession by a clockwork mechanism, goes peacefully off to bed, and in the morning comes back to see what he has caught in his star-trap." However, some one assistant has to be on hand to replace the old plates with new ones every three hours; but the real work consists in examining the plates for traces of possible wanderers among the stars, and this work is done at leisure. There can be no deception in this case, for a star is represented on the photographic plate by a dot, while a planet creeping among the stars leaves a trail or line which betrays its presence instantly. Eros attracted the attention of M. Witt on account of the great length of its trail, and at first it was mistaken for a comet. However, when M. Witt turned the great telescope at

the Urania Observatory toward this celestial object, he was assured of its claim to admission in the already overcrowded family of the sun. Nevertheless Eros may be said to be more than welcome, for, although small, it promises to be an extremely useful little body in enabling us to obtain some very important information with regard to the exact distance of the sun from the earth.

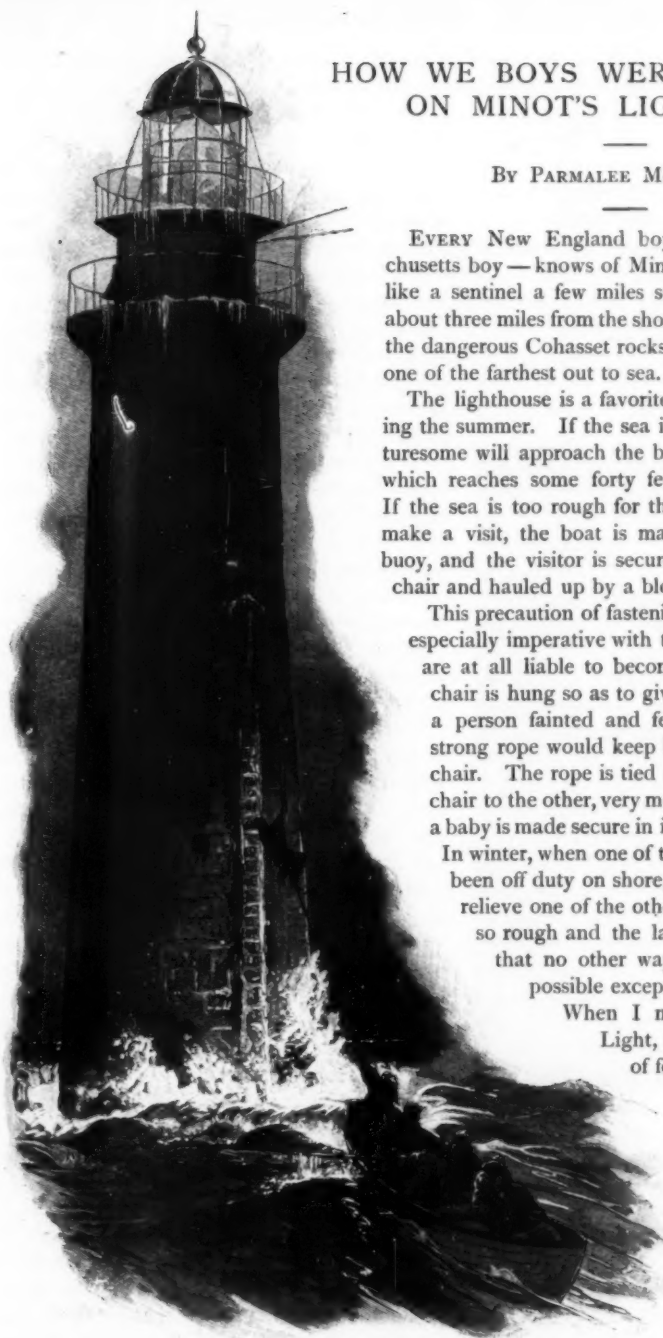
The usual series of three observations enabled M. Witt to trace the path of the new planetoid and find that it takes about six hundred and forty-three days to circle around the sun, and that it comes nearer to us than any other celestial body, excepting the moon or an occasional comet. When at its nearest approach to the earth it is only fourteen millions of miles away, i.e., one seventh the distance of the sun. Yet if a railroad track could be made from the earth to planetoid Eros, a train going at the rate of a mile a minute would take twenty-five years in reaching its destination. If a bicyclist could make the trip, he would have to keep on cycling one hundred miles a day for nearly four hundred years to accomplish the journey. On his arrival at Eros he would find a miniature world, probably only twenty miles in diameter, around which he could easily cycle in less than a day. He would doubtless be surprised at the reduced weight of all objects on this planetoid, providing it is made of materials of the same density as those of which the earth is composed. Supposing he weighed two hundred pounds on the earth, his weight would be reduced to a few ounces on Eros. If the atmosphere is of the same density as the atmosphere surrounding the earth, he would find flying and flapping a pair of wings well within the realms

of possibility, and should he happen to fall from a great height the result would not prove disastrous, since he would fall slowly, like a feather, probably half an hour or so passing away before he finally reached the ground. The familiar game of football would be utterly transformed on this little planetoid, for a well-directed kick would probably send the ball off its surface altogether, and it might eventually circle around the sun as a tiny planet on its own account.

After all, many of these little worlds are but huge boulders or "mountains broke loose," representing "the debris of a shattered world, or a world spoiled in the making." Ceres, the largest planetoid, is not more than four hundred and eighty-eight miles in diameter, while some of the smaller planetoids do not exceed ten. Imagine a world only ten miles in diameter, and the ease with which a century rider could make three trips around it during the course of a day! In fact, if the five hundred little worlds were rolled into one huge ball, they would weigh so much less than the earth that if the earth could be weighed in a mighty balance it would require four such balls to make the scales even. Yet we must not look with disdain on these little worlds, since there is less difference between their united mass, compared with that of the earth, than there is between the earth and the giant planet Jupiter. If Jupiter could be weighed in the scales it would require over three hundred globes as heavy as the earth to make the scales even.

Our sun guides the five hundred little worlds in their paths just as carefully as in the case of our own planet Earth, or the giant planet Jupiter; and this is as it should be, for they all are members of his family.





HOW WE BOYS WERE STORMBOUND ON MINOT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

BY PARMALEE MCFADDEN.

EVERY New England boy—certainly every Massachusetts boy—knows of Minot's Lighthouse, that stands like a sentinel a few miles south of Boston harbor, and about three miles from the shore, warning mariners against the dangerous Cohasset rocks, of which Minot's Ledge is one of the farthest out to sea.

The lighthouse is a favorite object for sight-seers during the summer. If the sea is very calm, the more venturesome will approach the base and mount the ladder, which reaches some forty feet up to the first opening. If the sea is too rough for this, or when ladies desire to make a visit, the boat is made fast to the lighthouse's buoy, and the visitor is securely tied in a wooden arm-chair and hauled up by a block and tackle.

This precaution of fastening the visitor in the chair is especially imperative with timid persons or those who are at all liable to become dizzy; for although the chair is hung so as to give it a tilt backward, yet if a person fainted and fell forward, nothing but a strong rope would keep him from falling out of the chair. The rope is tied across from one arm of the chair to the other, very much in the manner in which a baby is made secure in its baby-carriage or go-cart.

In winter, when one of the staff of keepers, who has been off duty on shore, comes out to the Light to relieve one of the other two keepers, it is usually so rough and the ladder so incrustured with ice that no other way of gaining admittance is possible except by being hauled up.

When I made my first visit to the Light, it was when I was a boy of fourteen, and that was more than a very few years ago. At that time the head keeper was Captain Levi Creed, a distant relative of mine, and our party consisted of his wife and son, a lad of my own age, and myself. As the keepers remain for weeks on the Light without coming

MAKING A WINTER LANDING AT MINOT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

ashore, a visit from their family is the pleasantest possible break in their monotonous duties.

We started out on a bright August morning, and we instructed our boatman to return within two hours. Win and I walked up the bronze ladder which you will see in the pictures, but his mother was drawn up in the chair.

I had often climbed up ladders in a barn-loft, where a fall would have landed me on a comfortable mow of hay, and had even ventured up ladders that the painters and other workmen had left leaning against our house. But



AN EVER-WATCHFUL SENTINEL.

here was a metal ladder running almost perpendicularly out of the water, and, as the tide was low, a misstep would have meant, not merely a disagreeable wetting with a prospect of being safely fished out of the water, but a fall on the hard rocks below, with scarcely a chance of being picked up alive. I do not think Win and I thought much of the danger until afterward, so intent were we to get to the

top—he to greet his father, and I to make my first inspection of a lighthouse.

On reaching the first opening in the side, we came into the store-room, filled with fishing-tackle, ropes, harpoons, etc. In the center of this room was a covered well that contained drinking water, and extended down the very core of the otherwise solid granite structure nearly to the level of the sea. Above this room was the kitchen, and above that the sleeping-rooms, and the watch-room, where the keeper sat at night and constantly watched, on the plate-glass of the outer lantern, the reflection of the blaze of the lamp. There were always two keepers on the Light at one time—each being on watch half the night.

But the story I had to tell is how we were prevented from returning ashore as planned, and of our imprisonment on the Light.

We had not been "aboard" more than an hour when the noon meal was announced. As relatives of the keeper, we enjoyed privileges not accorded to ordinary visitors; so we sat down to a fine luncheon, which we boys, with our sea-air appetites, heartily welcomed.

I noticed that Win's father kept looking out of the window every once in a while during the meal, and finally excusing himself, he suddenly left the table before we were through. He returned in a few minutes, saying that he had intended signaling our boatman, who, he thought, would be leisurely sailing about not far off. It looked to him, he said, as if there was an "easterly" coming up, and he thought we had better be getting ashore. He could see nothing of the man, however, for he, too, had seen the storm coming and had put back to Cohasset.

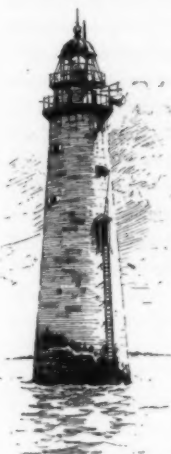
By the time luncheon was over it looked still more threatening, and in a little while a fog had set in, and an easterly wind brought the rain. All hopes of getting ashore that day were given up, for, if the boat had been able to find the lighthouse in the fog, the sea had now become too rough to allow of our being put aboard.

Captain Creed made this announcement to the consternation of his wife and to the great joy of us boys. We stayed that night, and all the next day and night. The second night was one that neither of us has ever forgotten.

A little past midnight the storm increased, and the waves dashed high up the curved walls of the Light; but they were still far below us, and gave us no concern. What did frighten us, though, and kept us awake the rest of the night, was the beating of the rain and the howling of the wind about the top of that tall sky-scraper away out there in the Atlantic Ocean, miles from shore.

To us it seemed as though the whole structure was preparing to fall down. Mingled with the beating of the rain and hail were loud screams that to us sounded like the shrieks of many locomotives — faint at first, then approaching with increasing volume, then quickly dying away. Now would come a thud like the beating on a loosely headed base drum; then again the shrieks; and all the time the wind and the rain and the hail.

Soon after daybreak Win and I got up and dressed, and mounted to the watch-room in the story just under the lamp. The keeper was there, though his vigil was over, and the lamp had been put out, for the calendar said the sun had risen, in spite of the darkness of the dull, foggy morning.



AT LOW TIDE IN SUMMER.

The wind had now died down, and it had stopped raining.

"Well, boys," said Win's father, "how did you pass your second night aboard a lightning-rod? No chance to get lonesome, was there? It was a pretty tough night, I'll admit; and your mother, boy," turning to Win, "is ready to go ashore if she has to swim it. But come up here; I think there will be something worth seeing for you land chaps."

We followed the captain up and out on the upper balcony; and there we did indeed see a sight.

Lying on the floor of the balcony were a dozen or more sea fowl of various sizes and colors, either dead or crippled. There were one or two gulls, several smaller mackerel-gulls,



CLEANING THE LANTERN PLATES.

and a number of Mother Carey's chickens — stormy petrels; while flapping about like a caged eagle was a butter-bill coot with a broken wing, vainly trying to scale the high railing, through whose bars his broad frame failed to pass.

The explanation was plain. In the driving storm the birds had been attracted by the glare of the lamp, magnified a thousand-fold by the delicate prisms that surround it; and, as a moth is drawn into a candle, so these storm-driven fowl guided their flight to seek a shelter that proved their doom.

The dead birds were mostly on the windward side of the light, where, after striking the heavy plate-glass panels, they first fell; while the cripples had managed to "hunch" around to the more protected lee side of the balcony. Doubtless many birds had been blown off, especially the smaller, Mother Carey's chickens.

We now saw that it was the passing flocks of sea fowl we had heard in the night, and we knew that it had not all been a nightmare.

On that afternoon — the afternoon of the third day — the fog lifted, the wind drew around to

the west, and in a little while the sea went down. We had not long to wait. We could see through the spy-glass our faithful boatman's little sloop coming out of Cohasset Cove around the point of Whitehead, and a couple of hours later we were safely landed in

the keeper's snug cottage on Government Island. There the rain might fall and the wind might blow, but no fowls could come to disturb our nights, unless it were the staid old barn-yard ducks of our neighbor, and chickens that might be anybody's but Mother Carey's.



IN A FOREST AFLAME.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

ON a late summer morning, in the North Woods of Wisconsin, Sam Kawagasaga, of the Chippewas, said to his hunting-mates:

"Those coals amount to little; the Brule is fifty miles away, and there are many deer; let us go."

So in Indian file, their moccasined feet scarce stirring a dead leaf, they moved northward, and the coals smoldered and smoked a little. Sam had broken the white man's standing law of the woods: "All camp-fires must be extinguished." But he cared little for white man's law. The only one of the pale-faced tribes whose word was weighty was the agent who tried to govern the Chippewa reservation, and his word was weighty only when he had supplies to give out.

One of the coals fell a little apart from its comrades and scorched the edge of a red maple-leaf. The edge curled back from the contact, charred, and burst into tiny flame. The flame, not larger than that of a burning match, touched two fallen leaves of a red birch, and they threw up answering signals. A slow breeze, wandering through the forest, turned over the

birch-leaves as if to look at them, then picked them up, carried them a yard or so, and tossed them upon a pile of pine needles and twigs as large as a boy's hat, and for the first time a thin column of smoke arose. It was still a fire that a child could have put out with a pitcher of water; but the pine needles lay next to a thick carpet of leaves, and the carpet ran to the bottom of a dead hemlock, clothed only in tindery bark to its top. "The dry-salt crackling of this," as Thoreau would say, "was like mustard to the ear." The flames spiraled up the trunk gleefully, climbing almost as speedily as squirrels climb, and in a little while the hemlock was a flaring torch from bottom to top, signaling "Danger!"

This tree had grown alone in a space of thirty feet square, and if one man had been there to watch, it would have burned out harmlessly; but it roared unheeded, a slender tower of blaze, and its great limbs fell with crashes, one by one, sending their embers far. Finally it swooned to its fall. One flying fiery branch pitched at the foot of a rotting oak. A small cloud passing swiftly overhead, the only cloud

in all the bending vault of blue, shed some drops upon it in its flight, but vainly. The flame caught the brown interior of the oak, and rushed up its hollow shaft, which acted like a chimney. The oak went down, and its upper end caught in the fork of a Norway pine, a noble tree forty inches through at the butt, and its first fork sixty feet from earth. It had stood majestic and columnar for centuries, baring its dark green head bravely to storm and sun, and, when the blasting hand of the fire fell on it, writhed and shivered in protest. With all of its upper part one red waving furnace, black strands of smoke rising from its resin, and sparks pouring down from it in showers, a flashing cascade, it fought its last fight in despair; then, with a sound like the crack of a field-piece, split from fork to root, and fell widely. The conflagration was under headway then, and not any fire department of any city could have checked it for a moment. It was destined to spread havoc and death over a territory thirty miles wide by twenty deep. Looking back from afar, Kawagasaga saw the whirling pall of smoke against the blue of the sky, and hurried on.

It had been a dry summer. No rain had fallen for three months, and the woods were like tinder. So the great fire did not march. It leaped and ran, and old forest giants, green in their age, were withered before it touched them. The sound of it miles away was like the booming of distant thunder.

William Boyd, Jr., was eight years old. His mother called him "Willy," but he preferred to be known as plain "Bill." He always gave that name when asked. This was a North woods child, as different from a city boy as could be imagined — freckle-faced, snub-nosed, sturdy, with gnarled little hands, used to bruises and skin-scrapes in the timber, able to find his way through thickest forest, sound of wind, tireless of leg, and expert with a little ax which he valued above all things. One day, in shutting a new pocket-knife coaxed from his father, he cut a finger badly. Small June Lesnard, a French orphan staying with the Boyds, turned pale and said:

"You had better go back to the kitchen, Willy, and wash your hand."

"No," he answered, gazing at the trickling crimson, and resenting both the "Willy" and the doubt of his stoicism; "the blood will wash it."

Through all of the densely shaded country lying along the north fork of the Flambeau River, William Boyd, Jr., was known to loggers, chainers, skidders, and drivers as a "sliver of the old stump," which was their way of saying that Boyd the elder was only such another child grown taller and stronger.

Father and mother left the shack on the homestead, three miles from the Flambeau, at daylight that morning, going to Pineville, fifteen miles away. They intended to return in the afternoon; but they had misgivings, not because the children would be left alone,—under ordinary conditions that would be safe enough,—but because the woods were dry.

Those people do not dread terrific winters, when the wolves come out of the timber. The horror of their lives is the forest fire: for they have seen its work. These two had to meet a lawyer, however, in the matter of the purchase of some wild land, and with them, as with all of their kind, a business engagement was paramount almost to life itself.

"Be good, Willy," said Mrs. Boyd, as she climbed into the wagon.

The boy, standing with his ax on his shoulder and a tuft of red hair sticking up through a hole in his hat, disdained to reply.

"Bill," said the father, genially, "take care of June, and split a lot of stove-wood by the time we're back."

That pleased him. "Look out for the bad log in the middle of the bridge over the slough," he advised. Then, as an afterthought: "Those horses will want water when you get to Pine Crick."

Boyd, Sr., laughed and drove off. Bill turned his attention to a large log in the rear of the house, using a wedge to rive stove-wood from it. June sat near him for company, drawing pictures with a charred stick on birch bark. Dinner had been cooked for them and left in the cupboard — bread, venison, and a pan of milk. At ten o'clock Bill quit work, and said that it was dinner-time, or noon.

June dissented. There was a clock in the

house, but it was a mystery to them both. Bill squinted critically at the sun, and declared with exactness:

"It wants ten minutes of dinner-time."

June, accustomed to obey, laid down the birch bark meekly. They dined, clearing up everything they could find. As befitted a man left in charge of the place, Bill strolled about, whistling shrilly and out of tune.

Everything seemed to be in order. The chickens, not realizing his importance, scratched busily and moved out of his way, clucking protests. The two cows and calves were in the four-acre pasture, browsing on brown grass, oblivious of his calls and orders. The black hound with a round tan spot above each eye refused wholly to notice him, lying half asleep on the porch floor, with his long ears spread upon the planking. Only June followed him about, patiently admiring, not daring to disturb his calm with questions.

Bill did not return to his ax and log, but sauntered jauntily, appraising the value of the timber which grew to the edge of the clearing, estimating the number of "feet" each tree would cut, and longing for the time when he could chop it all down and see it hauled to the mill. Desire to "fall" trees was in his blood.

Noon came, and the hound rose and threw up his muzzle and howled quaveringly. North and westward the sky was overspread by a dun cloud. The wind had freshened, and high up little glittering particles were floating past—ashes. There was a slight scent of burning wood on the air. Bill climbed a high stump, thinking he could see better from it, shaded his eyes with his hand, and said oracularly:

"There 's a fire out yander."

"Yes," said June, indifferently.

"Fool Injuns, I guess," said Bill.

"Yes," said June.

"If I had my way with Injuns," said Bill, "I 'd send 'em to Africa."

"Yes," said June.

Bill jumped eight feet down from the stump, and remarked, "Time f'r me to get at that log." He stopped half-way to it, however. The hound looked at him questioningly, then trotted into the woods, going east. Bill called and

stormed, but the dog kept on. Across the back of the yard a rabbit scurried, its ears flat, its eyes bulging. It, too, was going east. A covey of ruffed grouse rose from the edge of the wood and whirled by, going east; then flocks of small birds twittered over, above them a gang of crows, above the crows a dozen hawks, all going east. The river lay that way.

Bill went into the kitchen and locked the back door, though why he did so he could not have told. Passing through the house, he took a long drink of water, for the air was sultry. He saw June's sunbonnet lying on the floor, and picked it up. It was a characteristic of a North woods child that, before going out, he felt in his pocket and saw that knife and matches were safe. He kept the latter in a little glass bottle, tightly corked. He closed the front door behind him, locking that, too; then tied June's bonnet under her round chin. He was white under his freckles, but his brave gray eyes did not flicker as he looked at her.

"That fire 's coming here, June," he said almost in a whisper; "we got ter hike."

Even then he ran swiftly back and snatched up his precious ax, patting the blade caressingly with his rough little hand and saying, "Come along, Betsy!"

The roar of the flames could be heard plainly now—a steady, savage sound. Against the vast black background of smoke, deep crimson below, fading into rose above, sheets of burning bark and small limbs were whirled high. Its belly within a foot of the ground, its great antlers thrown back until the prongs touched its sides, a buck flashed past, distraught with terror. Grasping June's wrist firmly with his left hand, holding the ax in his right, Bill plunged into the woods, making for the river. He had no knowledge of the speed of forest fires and believed that they were safe, but scurried on, determined to make the best time he could. The little girl went cheerfully, having utter confidence in him.

At first there was a trail nearly a yard wide, and along this they trotted comfortably, the boy slackening his pace to match hers, saying something now and then: wondering whether the house would be burned, whether the fire would reach Pineville, where the dog had gone,

and so forth. Once, being struck strongly by the thought, he stopped long enough to pant, "It's a good thing we got that meat and milk," then started afresh. In the course of a half-mile, however, the trail narrowed to a foot in width. He placed June behind him and told her to take hold of the tail of his jacket. She did this, and, by leaning on him somewhat, found that she ran more lightly. She was almost as tireless as he, however. With them it was terribly a question of speed, not of endurance. The boy knew that the trail ran straight to the Flambeau,—he had been over it often,—and he headed for the stream because he hoped that its course would break the progress of the fire.

He could not help noticing, however, that, though they were doing their best, the roar of the flames grew louder and the heat more intense. Before they had gone a mile the perspiration was running into his eyes. He glanced back now and then, but the small orphan smiled at him cheerfully and seemed to be doing as well as he. They heard crashes and rustlings in the undergrowth on either hand, showing that many animals were fleeing for their lives. Most of these passed them easily. Some of them came into the path for a few steps, but, when they saw the children behind them, turned again to the shelter of the woods.

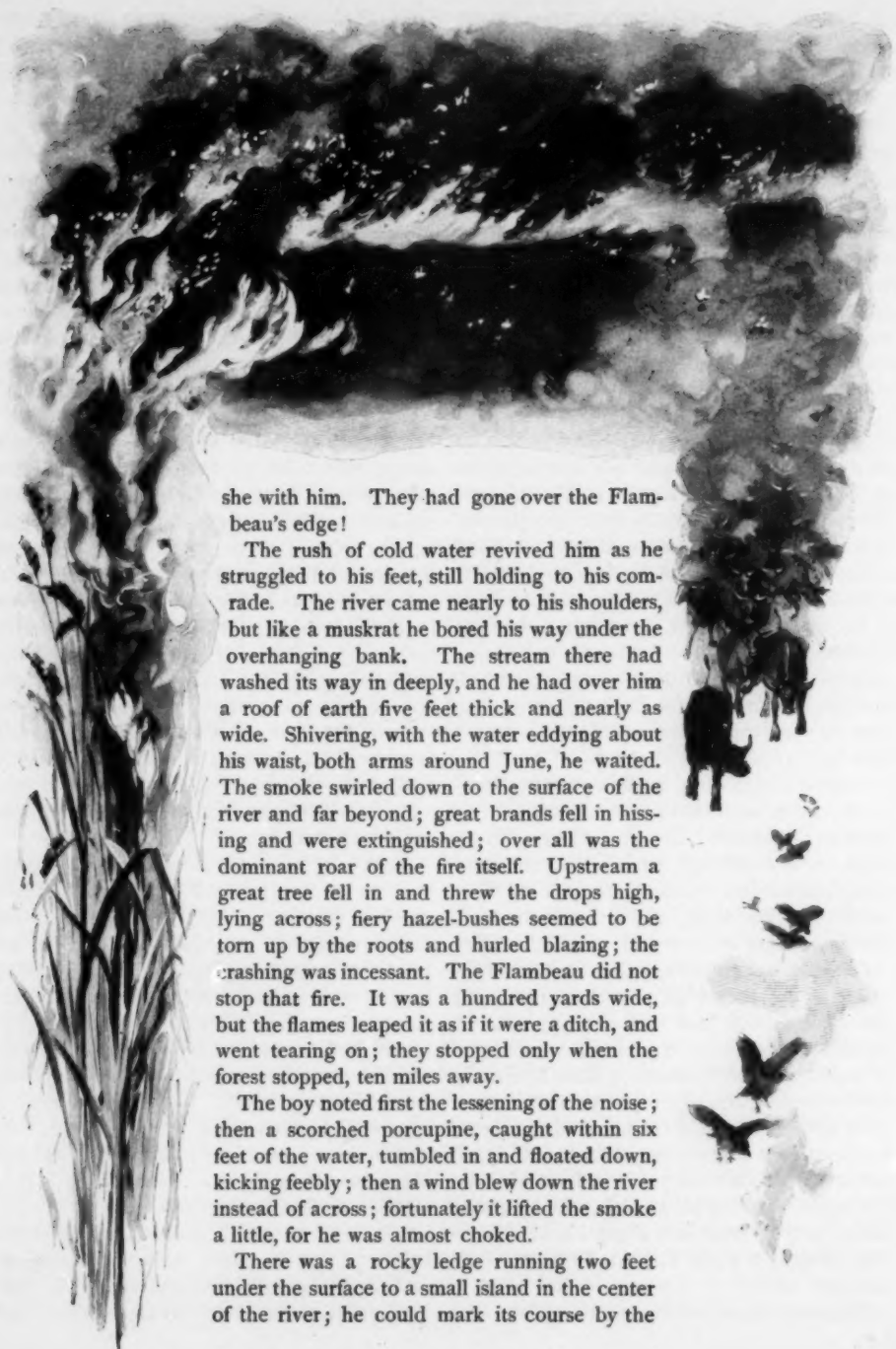
They saw deer, does, bucks, and fawns half-grown, foxes and rabbits in numbers. The partridges thundered up around them, flying a quarter of a mile at a stretch, then dropping to the ground and running fiercely. Bill went silently over one deep indentation in the trail, and knew that a bear had gone by. They could beat the porcupines,—that was some satisfaction,—and they went past these lumbering creatures as if they had been standing still. It never occurred to them to feel fear of any of the animals. They seemed to know intuitively that at such a time there was universal truce. Once they stopped still for a second with beating hearts, for a great gray timber-wolf loped across the path not ten yards in front of them. Bill valiantly swung his ax high, with his throat thick; but the wolf only slung his head sideways, glanced at them with a red eye, and went hurriedly on.

There was a half-mile yet to go, and the heat

had become almost unbearable. June was sobbing in gasps that seemed to tear her little body. The wild voice of the conflagration was now so great that no other sound was audible. Great birds flapped along in sick fashion, or screamed in the smoke; but the children did not hear them. Looking up, they saw a mass of sparks rushing over them, darting along a hundred yards above the tallest trees, and above the sparks a solid curtain of pitch-black smoke. This smoke had descended to the ground and choked them. Often the wind seemed to bear down and drive the heat more strongly against them, and at such time their flesh smarted beneath their clothing; then it lifted and comparative coolness came.

The trail was barely visible now through the smoke, though all about them the trees still were green. They stumbled upon roots that crossed it, and its many holes; but the dogged fighting spirit of the boy—a spirit that came to him down a long line of woods-conquering folk—was awake, and he plowed on, not stopping to think whether or not he was beaten, possibly not caring, feeling only that his girl playmate was clinging to him, and the river was ahead, and he was going to get to it. He did not know it, but no finer, steadier courage burned in Richard Grenville when he strode the bloody deck of the "Revenge" and called to his sailors, "Fight on! Fight on!" while fifty Spanish sail ringed them round.

Then June fell—fell with a little sobbing cry, her arms helplessly spread out, her chubby face pressing the leaves, her red lips open, her shoulders heaving convulsively. Tired in her short legs was June, her fat knees bleeding from scratches, her cheeks tear-stained, her sun-bonnet askew, her bright hair disordered. He turned instantly, and a terrified cry—his first and last—came from him as he saw, not three hundred yards behind them, that booming, sweeping, high-reaching wall of flame. Its breath, blown on him furiously, blistered one cheek even as he looked. The girl child's form was dim to him in the smoke, but he grasped her by both arms and dragged, calling frantically: "Come on, June! Come on!" dragged and tugged and strained, still facing the rushing furnace, then fell himself, down, down, and



she with him. They had gone over the Flambeau's edge!

The rush of cold water revived him as he struggled to his feet, still holding to his comrade. The river came nearly to his shoulders, but like a muskrat he bored his way under the overhanging bank. The stream there had washed its way in deeply, and he had over him a roof of earth five feet thick and nearly as wide. Shivering, with the water eddying about his waist, both arms around June, he waited. The smoke swirled down to the surface of the river and far beyond; great brands fell in hissing and were extinguished; over all was the dominant roar of the fire itself. Upstream a great tree fell in and threw the drops high, lying across; fiery hazel-bushes seemed to be torn up by the roots and hurled blazing; the crashing was incessant. The Flambeau did not stop that fire. It was a hundred yards wide, but the flames leaped it as if it were a ditch, and went tearing on; they stopped only when the forest stopped, ten miles away.

The boy noted first the lessening of the noise; then a scorched porcupine, caught within six feet of the water, tumbled in and floated down, kicking feebly; then a wind blew down the river instead of across; fortunately it lifted the smoke a little, for he was almost choked.

There was a rocky ledge running two feet under the surface to a small island in the center of the river; he could mark its course by the

water purling over it. They went along this, and clambered out. In the middle of the blackened bit of land a large log was burning, and they dried their clothing by this; the ground was not hot, as there had been little upon it to burn.

So they waited through the afternoon, not knowing what else to do. June snuggled to him, her young nerves still "twisted." Some men came down the river in a boat, looking for chance survivors. Luckily settlers were few, and they were about to turn back, after having halloed lustily, when they were startled at hearing Bill's shrill "Whoopee!"

"Where's your dad and mam?" one of the men asked, as the children climbed in and squatted between the thwarts.

"Gone to town," said Bill. "He'll be back to-night. Seen our dorg?"

"No," said the man. "We'll put you off where the main tote-road crosses the river, and your folks'll pick you up there. But you'll have to camp for a while, I guess. That fire ain't left any houses behind it. How you feeling?"

"Hungry," said Bill. "I think June's hungry, too; and — and I lost my ax."

AUGUST.

BY MARY BROWNSON CHURCH.

By field and wood, in swamp and dell,
August's flaunting signals tell
'T is time to strike the passing bell,
For summer sweet is dying.

Edging the brook like ribbon band,
The stately cardinal-flowers stand,
Flaming their message o'er the land
That summer sweet is dying.

The swamps with pink loosestrife are gay,
On roads the goldenrod holds sway,

And early asters seem to say,
"Oh, summer sweet is dying!"

The shrill cicada in noon heat,
The katydid, and cricket fleet,
All join the death-chant, fitting, meet,
For summer sweet is dying.

With royal purple, gold, and green,
With jeweled dewdrops' glistening sheen,
She decks her bier like Egypt's queen,
For summer sweet is dying.

COUNTING THE STARS.

I TRIED so hard to count the stars,
And got as far as three,
When many others slyly peeped,
And, smiling, blinked at me.

So I began it o'er again,
And got as far as nine,

When all at once I seemed to see
A thousand others shine.

Then came so many in the sky,
I would not try again;
For all the counting that I know
Is only up to ten.



THE DARING FROGGY.

Once upon a time,
On the border of a brook,
A wicked little froggy,
Who had never read a book,—
Who had never read a story
Or a funny little rhyme,—
Had a sad and tragic
Ending
Once upon a time.



This little froggy, sad to say,
Was very fond of flies.
And thought, on this unlucky day,
That he had found a prize.
"Up, up I go," said froggy.
"I can climb as well as hop."
I only hope he'll stay
right there



"I wish this wouldn't land so much."
Said Froggy, going higher;
"I wish that flies would shut their eyes
And come a little nigher."
But he is such a good one,
And he looks so very fine
I think that I must have him;
For it's
time for
me to
dine."

Until I reach
the top."

So up he
went, regardless
Of the danger he was in;
He saw a duck below him;
But he didn't care a pin,
Till suddenly, behind his back,
The weed began to crack:
And all he heard was just one
And that one word
was "QUACK."



James Clarence Murray

"NAPOLEON'S" WAGON-SHED CAMPAIGN.

"NAPOLEON" sat in the corner—which is 7 in the diagram—and mused. It was a hard problem, and most military cats, or men, would have given it up. But Napoleon, like the other great general of that name, determined to win.

Now this was the problem:

The wagon-sher³ was swarming with rats which were doing much damage to things in general and to a bag of oats in particular. Napoleon was expected to exterminate them. Hostilities had begun two days before; as yet the rats were all alive.

Napoleon had not been on the ground many hours when he perceived that the enemy had three gateways. These are marked A, B, and C. The nest was somewhere near A, but the commander of the opposing forces, whom Napoleon soon learned to respect, was wise enough to post scouts at B and C. If the field was reported clear from all three points, there was a rush and scramble of foraging parties. But if Napoleon was around, no matter where he might be hidden, at least one of the sentries detected him.

He had hidden at 1,
and was seen at A.

He had crouched alongside the bag at 2, and was spied from B.

He had pretended to be asleep behind the post at 3, but was in view of the sentry at C and could be smelt from B as well.

He had taken up a position on top of the chest (4), unfortunately covered, and was watched from both B and C.

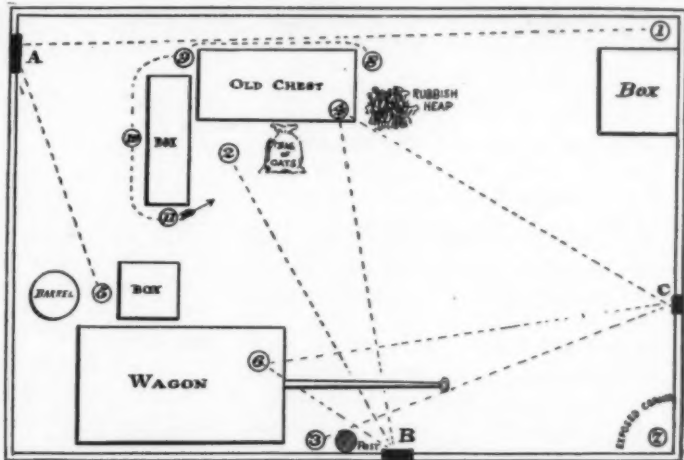
He had crept between a box and a barrel (5), only to be discovered again from headquarters.

He had tried different positions on top of the wagon (6), but none were any better.

Then he retired to the open corner, where we found him thinking it over. And here, in truth, he might have remained a long time, had not the enemy put victory within his reach. For Napoleon began to think. He noticed that there were no sounds of movements at C. So, stealing behind a rubbish-heap (8), he crouched low and patiently awaited results. Before long the rats were again astir and crowded to the opening at A. Then he heard a scampering to B, and then — no — yes — no; they stopped there: they were neglecting C, and only from C could he be seen!

A moment later the fatal command to advance was squeaked, and Napoleon, watching his chance, crept behind the chest—to 9. From 9 to 10 and then to 11 he noiselessly stole, for he well knew the advantage of attacking from the rear. Then like a flash he bounded among his prey.

Two were killed; one was wounded, but es-



caped under the wagon; the rest reached their nest, where they remained only long enough to collect their scattered senses before retreating in a body to a neighboring and safer barn. Napoleon had won.

G. M. L. Brown.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW SIR GAWAINE MET SIR PELLIAS, AND
HOW HE PROMISED TO AID HIM WITH THE
LADY ETTARD.

Now, after that wonderful lady had disappeared from their sight, as has been told, those three knights stood for a little while altogether amazed, for they wist not how to believe what their eyes had beheld. Then, by and by, Sir Gawaine spake, saying: "Certes that was a very wonderful thing that happened to us, for in all my life I never knew of so strange a miracle to befall. Now it is very plain that an adventure such as has been promised lieth in what we have seen; wherefore let us descend into yonder valley, for there we shall doubtless discover what that which we have just now beheld doth signify. For I make my vow that I have hardly ever seen so terribly powerful a knight as he

who has just now fought yonder battle; wherefore I can in no wise understand how, when he should so nearly have obtained a victory over his enemy, he should have surrendered himself to them as he did."

And Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus agreed that it would be well to go down and inquire what that thing signified.

So they three and their attendants rode down into the valley.

And they rode forward until they had come to a certain glade of trees, and there they beheld three goodly pavilions that stood there—the one pavilion of white cloth, the second pavilion of green cloth, and the third pavilion of scarlet cloth.

And as the three knights-companion drew nigh to the pavilions, there came forth two knights to meet them. And when Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine saw the shields of the two, they

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immediately knew that they were Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte. And in the same manner Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte knew Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and each party was very much astonished at thus meeting the other in so strange a place. So when they came together they gave one another very joyful greeting, and clasped hands with strong love and good-fellowship.

Then Sir Gawaine made Sir Marhaus acquainted with Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte, and thereupon the five knights all went together into those three pavilions, discoursing the while with great amity and pleasure.

Then after a while Sir Gawaine said to Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte: "Messires, we observed a little while ago a very singular thing; for, as we stood together at the top of yonder hill and looked down into this plain, we beheld a single knight clad all in red armor who did battle with six knights. And that one knight in red armor combated the six with such fury that he drave them all from before him, though they were so many and he but one. And truly I make my vow that I have hardly ever seen a knight show such great prowess in arms as he. Yet, when he had overcome all but two of those knights, and was in a fair way to win a clear victory, he suddenly yielded himself unto the two, and suffered them to take him and bind him and drive him with great indignity from the field. Now, I pray ye, tell me what was the meaning of that which we beheld, and who was that knight who fought so great a battle and yet yielded himself so shamefully."

At this Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte made no answer, but directed their looks another way, for they knew not what to say. And when Sir Gawaine beheld that they were abashed he began more than ever to wonder what that thing meant. Wherefore he said: "What is this? Why do ye not answer me? I bid ye tell me what is the meaning of your looks and who is that Red Knight!"

Then after a while Sir Mador de la Porte said, "I shall not tell you, but you may come and see."

Then Sir Gawaine began to think mayhap there was something in this that it would be better not to make known, and that, haply, he

had best examine further into the matter alone. So he said unto the other knights, "Bide ye here a little, messires, and I will go with Sir Mador de la Porte."

So Sir Gawaine went with Sir Mador de la Porte, and Sir Mador de la Porte led him unto the white pavilion. And Sir Mador de la Porte drew aside the curtains of the pavilion and he said, "Enter!" and Sir Gawaine entered.

And when he had come into the pavilion he saw that a man sat upon a couch of rushes covered with an azure cloth. And, behold! that man was Sir Pellias. And Sir Pellias sat like one altogether overwhelmed by a great despair.

Then, after a while, Sir Gawaine spake very sternly to Sir Pellias, saying: "Messire, I am astonished and very greatly ashamed that a knight of King Arthur's royal court and of his Round Table should behave in so dishonorable a manner as I saw thee behave this day. For it is hardly to be believed that a knight of such repute and nobility as thou shouldst have suffered himself to be taken and bound by two obscure knights as thou didst suffer thyself this day. How couldst thou bring thyself to submit to such indignity and insult? Now I do demand of thee that thou wilt explain this matter unto me."

But Sir Pellias was silent and would not make any reply. Then Sir Gawaine cried out very fiercely, "Ha! wilt thou not answer me?" and Sir Pellias shook his head.

Then Sir Gawaine said, still speaking very fiercely: "By heaven! thou shalt answer me one way or another! For either thou shalt tell me the meaning of thy shameful conduct or else thou shalt do extreme battle with me. For I will not suffer it that thou shalt bring such shame upon King Arthur and his Round Table without my defending the honor and the credit of him and of it. One while thou and I were dear friends, but unless thou dost immediately exculpate thyself I shall hold thee in contempt, and I shall regard thee as an enemy until thou hast cleared thy credit in mine eyes."

Upon this Sir Pellias spake like unto one that was nigh smothered, and he said, "I will tell thee all." Then he confessed everything unto Sir Gawaine, telling all that had befallen since that time when he had left the May party

of Queen Guinevere to enter upon this adventure; and Sir Gawaine listened unto him with great amazement. And when Sir Pellias had made an end of telling that thing, Sir Gawaine said: "Certes this is very wonderful. And, indeed, I cannot understand how thou camest to be so entangled in the charms of this lady, unless she hath bewitched thee with some great enchantment."

And Sir Pellias said: "Yea; I believe that I am bewitched indeed, for I am altogether beside myself in this, and am entirely unable to resist her enchantment."

Then Sir Gawaine bethought him for a long while, considering that matter very seriously; and by and by he said: "I have a plan, and it is this: I will go unto the Lady Ettard myself and will inquire diligently into this matter. And if I find that any one hath wrought enchantments upon thee, it will go hard with him, for I will punish whomsoever hath done so."

And Sir Pellias said unto Sir Gawaine: "How wilt thou accomplish this affair so as to gain into the presence of the Lady Ettard?"

Thereunto Sir Gawaine replied: "That I will tell thee. We twain shall exchange armor; then I will go unto the castle, and when I have come there she will think that I have overthrown thee in an encounter and have taken thine armor away from thee. Then they will haply admit me into the castle to hear my story, and I shall have speech with the Lady Ettard."

Then Sir Pellias said: "Very well; it shall be as thou dost ordain."

So Sir Pellias summoned an esquire, and Sir Gawaine summoned his esquire; and those two esquires clad Sir Gawaine in the armor of Sir Pellias. And when they had done so Sir Gawaine mounted upon the horse of Sir Pellias and rode openly into that field wherein Sir Pellias had aforetime paraded.

Now it happened that the Lady Ettard was at that time walking upon a platform within the castle walls, from which place she looked down into that meadow. And when she beheld a red knight parading in the meadow, she thought it was Sir Pellias come thither again, and at that she was vexed and affronted beyond all measure. Wherefore she said unto those nigh her: "That knight vexes me so woefully that

I fear me I shall fall ill of vexation if he cometh here many more times. Would I knew how to rid myself of him! For already, and only an hour ago, I sent six good knights against him, and he overcame four of them with great despatch and with much dishonor unto them and unto me."

So she beckoned to the red knight, and when he had come nigh to the walls of the castle she said to him: "Sir Knight, why dost thou come hitherward—to afflict me and to affront me thus? Canst thou not understand that the more thou dost come unto me to trouble me in this manner, the more do I hate thee?"

Then Sir Gawaine opened the umbrel of his helmet and showed his face, and the Lady Ettard saw that the red knight was not Sir Pellias. And Sir Gawaine said: "Lady, I am not that one whom thou supposest me to be, but another. For, behold! I have thine enemy's armor upon my body, and how dost thou suppose that I could wear his armor unless I took it from him by force of arms? Thou needst trouble thyself no more about him."

Then the Lady Ettard could not think otherwise than that the red knight (whom she knew not) had indeed overthrown Sir Pellias in a bout of arms and had taken his armor away from him. And indeed she was exceedingly astonished that such a thing could have happened, for it appeared to her that Sir Pellias was one of the greatest knights in the world; wherefore she marveled who this knight could be who had overthrown him in battle. So she gave command to sundry of those in attendance upon her that they should go forth and bring that red knight into the castle and pay him great honor, for that he must, in sooth, be one of the very greatest champions in the world.

Thus Sir Gawaine came into the castle and was brought before the Lady Ettard where she stood in a wonderfully large and noble hall. For that hall was illuminated by seven tall windows of colored glass, and it was hung around with tapestries and hangings, very rich and of a most excellent quality; wherefore Sir Gawaine was greatly astonished at the magnificence of that place.

Now Sir Gawaine had taken the helmet from off his head, and he bore it under his arm and

against his hip, and his head was bare, so that all who were there could see his face very plainly. Wherefore all perceived that he was exceedingly comely — that his eyes were as blue as steel, his nose high and curved, and his hair and beard very dark and rich in color. Moreover, his bearing was exceedingly steadfast and haughty, so that those who beheld him were awed by the great knightliness of his aspect.

Then the Lady Ettard came to Sir Gawaine and gave him her hand, and he knelt down and set it to his lips. And the lady said very graciously, "Sir Knight, it would give me a great deal of pleasure if thou wouldst make us acquainted with thy name, and if thou wouldst proclaim thy degree of estate unto us."

Unto this Sir Gawaine made reply, "Lady, I cannot inform you of these things at this present, being just now vowed unto secrecy upon those points; wherefore I do crave your patience for a little."

Then the Lady Ettard said, "Sir Knight, it is a great pity that we may not know thy name and degree; ne'theless, though we are as yet unacquainted with thee, I hope thou wilt give us the pleasure of thy company awhile, and that thou wilt condescend to remain within this poor place for two days or three whilst we offer thee such refreshment as we are able to do."

And behold, because that the Lady Ettard had that magic collar about her neck, Sir Gawaine immediately felt the power of its enchantment, and he replied with great delight, "Lady, thou art exceedingly gentle to extend so great a courtesy unto me; wherefore I shall be glad beyond measure for to stay with thee for a short while."

At these words the Lady Ettard was very greatly pleased, for she said to herself: "Certes this knight (albeit I know not who he is) must be a champion of extraordinary prowess and of exalted achievement. Now if I can persuade him to remain in this castle as my champion, then shall I doubtless gain very great credit thereby, for I shall have one for to defend my rights who, assuredly, must be the greatest knight in all the world." Wherefore she set forth every charm and grace of demeanor to please Sir Gawaine, and Sir Gawaine, for his part, was altogether delighted by her kindness.

And I must tell you that in the same degree that Sir Gawaine received courtesy from the Lady Ettard, in that same degree Sir Engamore of Malverat (her one-time champion) was cast down into great sorrow and distress; so much so that it was a pity for to see him.

So Sir Gawaine and the lady walked together, talking very cheerfully, until sunset; and at that time the supper was prepared, and they went in and sat down to it. And as they supped, a number of pages, very fair of face, played upon harps before them, and sundry damsels sang very sweetly in accord to that music, so that the bosom of Sir Gawaine was greatly expanded with joy. Wherefore he said to himself: "Why should I ever leave this place? Lo! I have been banished from King Arthur's court; why, then, should I not establish here a court of mine own, that might, in time, prove to be like to his for glory?" And the Lady Ettard was so gracious unto him that this seemed to be a wonderfully pleasant thought.

Now turn we unto Sir Pellias.

After Sir Gawaine had left him, the heart of Sir Pellias began to misgive him that he had not been wise; and at last he said to himself: "Suppose that Sir Gawaine should forget his duty to me when he meeteth the Lady Ettard. For meseems that haply she possesses some potent charm that draweth the hearts of all unto her. Wherefore if Sir Gawaine should come within the circle of such enchantment he may forget his duty unto me and may transgress against the honor of his knighthood."

And the more that Sir Pellias thought of this the more troubled he grew in his mind. Therefore at last, when evening had fallen, he called an esquire unto him and he said, "Go and fetch me hither the garb of a black-friar, for I would fain go unto the Castle of Grantmesnle in disguise." So the esquire went as he commanded and brought him such a garb, and Sir Pellias clad himself therein.

Now by that time the darkness had come entirely over the face of the earth, so that it would have been impossible for any one to know Sir Pellias, even if he had seen his face. So he went unto the castle and desired that they would admit him thereunto. And thinking

that he was a black-friar, as he appeared to be, they admitted him in the castle by the postern-gate.

Then, as soon as Sir Pellias had come into the castle, he began to make diligent inquiry concerning where he might find that knight who had come thither in the afternoon. And those within the castle, still thinking him to be a friar of black orders, said unto him, "What would ye with that knight?"

And Sir Pellias said, "I have a message for him."

Then they of the castle said, "Ye cannot come at that knight just now, for he is at supper with the Lady Ettard, and he holds her in pleasant discourse."

At this Sir Pellias began to wax very angry. So he said, speaking very sternly, "I must presently have speech with that knight; wherefore I bid ye to bring me unto him without delay."

Then they of the castle said, "Wait, and we will see if that knight is willing to have you come to him."

So one of the attendants went unto that place where Sir Gawaine sat at supper with the Lady Ettard, and he said, "Sir Knight, there hath come hither a black-friar who demandeth to have present speech with thee, and he will not be denied, but continually maketh that demand."

Then Sir Gawaine was troubled in his conscience, for he knew that he was not dealing fairly by Sir Pellias, and he pondered whether or not this black-friar might be a messenger from his friend. But yet he could not see how he might deny such a messenger speech with him. So, after a while of thought, he said, "Fetch the black-friar hither and let him deliver his message to me."

So Sir Pellias, in the garb of a black-friar, was brought by the attendants into the outer room of that place where Sir Gawaine sat at supper with the lady. And for a little time he did not enter the room, but stood behind the curtain of the anteroom and looked upon them, for he desired to make sure as to whether or no Sir Gawaine was true to him.

Now everything in that room where the knight and the lady sat was bedight with extraordinary splendor; for the walls were hung

all about with broideries and tapestries of great value, and it was illuminated by a light of several score of waxen tapers that sent forth a most delightful perfume as they burned. And the table at which Sir Gawaine and the lady sat was spread with white damask linen and set with patens and chalices of gold and with vases and beakers of crystal. And there were a great many attendants about the room, and some of them who were pages played upon harps, and others who were damsels sang very sweetly.

Now as Sir Pellias stood behind the curtains he beheld Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard as they sat at the table together.

So by and by he could contain himself no longer; wherefore he took five steps into that room and stood before Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard. And when they looked upon him in great surprise, he cast back the hood from his face, and they knew him. Then the Lady Ettard shrieked with great vehemence, crying out, "I have been betrayed!" and Sir Gawaine sat altogether silent, for he had not a single word to say either to the lady or to Sir Pellias.

Then Sir Pellias came close to the Lady Ettard with such a fell countenance that she could not move for fear. And when he had come nigh to her, he took hold of that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold, the clasp whereof readily yielded to his touch, and so plucked it from her neck. Then he said, "This is mine, and thou hast no right to it!" and thereupon he thrust it into his bosom. Then he turned upon Sir Gawaine where he sat, and he said, "Thou art false both unto thy knight-hood and unto thy friendship, for thou hast betrayed me utterly." Thereupon he raised his arm and smote Sir Gawaine upon the face with the back of his hand so violently that the mark of his fingers was left in red all across the cheek of Sir Gawaine.

Then Sir Gawaine fell as pale as ashes, and he cried out, "Sir Pellias, I have in sooth betrayed thee, but thou hast offered such affront to me that our injury is equal."

And Sir Pellias said: "Not so; for the injury I gave to thee is only upon thy cheek, but the injury thou gavest to me is upon my heart. Ne'theless I will answer unto thee for the

affront I have done thee. But thou also shalt answer unto me for the offense thou hast done unto me in that thou hast betrayed me."

had that magic collar about her neck, Sir Pellias no longer felt aught of the great enchantment that had aforetime drawn him so vehemently

Sir Gawaine sups with y Lady Ettard



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Then Sir Gawaine said, "I am willing to answer unto thee in full measure."

And Sir Pellias said, "Thou shalt indeed do so." Thereupon he turned and left that place; nor did he so much as look again either at Sir Gawaine or at the Lady Ettard.

For now that the Lady Ettard no longer

unto her. Accordingly he now suffered a misliking for her as great as that liking which had aforetime drawn him unto her. And so also was it with Sir Gawaine; for when the Lady Ettard no longer wore the necklace he also felt for her an entire disregard. Wherefore he said to himself, "How was it possible that for this lady I could have so betrayed my knighthood and have done so much harm unto my friend!" So he pushed back his chair and arose from that table with intent to leave her.

And when the Lady Ettard saw his intent, she spake to him with very great anger, for she was very much affronted in that he had deceived her in making her think he had overthrown Sir Pellias. Wherefore she said with great heat: "Thou mayst go, and I am very willing for to have thee do so, for thou didst deceive me when thou didst let me think thou hadst overcome

Sir Pellias. For now I perceive that he is both a stronger and a nobler knight than thou. For he smote thee as though thou wert his servant, and thou yet bearest the marks of his fingers upon thy cheek."

At this Sir Gawaine was exceedingly wroth and entirely filled with the shame of that which

had befallen him, and he said: "Lady, I think thou hast bewitched me to bring me to such a pass of dishonor. As for Sir Pellias, look forth into that meadow to-morrow and see if I do not put a deeper mark upon him than ever he hath put upon me." Thereupon he left that place and went down into the courtyard and called upon the attendants who were there for to fetch him his horse. So they did as he commanded, and he straightway rode forth into the night.

And he was very glad of the darkness of the night, for it appeared to him that it was easier to bear his shame in the darkness; wherefore when he had come to the glade of trees he would not enter the pavilion where his friends were. And also when Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus came out unto him and bade him to come in, he would not do so, but stayed without in the darkness; for he said unto himself, "If I go in where is a light, haply they will behold the mark of Sir Pellias his hand upon my face."

So he stayed without in the darkness, and bade them to go away and leave him alone. And when they had gone he called his esquire unto him and he said: "Take this red armor off of me and carry it into the pavilion of Sir Pellias, for I do hate it." And the esquire did as Sir Gawaine commanded, and Sir Gawaine walked up and down for well-nigh the entire night, greatly troubled in spirit and in heart.

And now followeth the conclusion of this story of Sir Pellias his adventure.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE LADY OF THE LAKE TOOK BACK HER NECKLACE FROM SIR PELLIAS.

Now when the next morning had come, Sir Gawaine summoned his esquire unto him and said, "Fetch hither my armor and case me in it"; and the esquire did so. Then Sir Gawaine said, "Help me unto my horse"; and the esquire did so. Then he said, "Take this glove of mine and bear it to Sir Pellias, and tell him that Sir Gawaine parades in the meadow in front of the castle, and that he there challenges Sir Pellias for to meet him ahorse or afoot, howsoever that knight may choose."

Then that esquire was very much astonished, for Sir Gawaine and Sir Pellias had always

been such close friends that there was hardly their like for friendship in all that land, wherefore their love for each other had become a byword with all men. But he held his peace concerning his thoughts, and only said, "Wilt thou not eat food ere thou goest to battle?" And Sir Gawaine said: "Nay; I will not eat until I have fought. Wherefore do thou go and do as I have bid thee."

So Sir Gawaine's esquire went to Sir Pellias in his pavilion, and he gave unto that knight the glove of Sir Gawaine and he delivered Sir Gawaine's message unto him. And Sir Pellias said, "Tell thy master that I will come forth to meet him as soon as I have broken my fast."

Now when the news of this challenge had come to the ears of Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte and Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus, those knights were greatly disturbed thereat, and Sir Ewaine said to the others, "Messires, let us go and make inquiries concerning this business." So the four knights went to the white pavilion, where Sir Pellias was breaking his fast.

And when they had come into the presence of Sir Pellias, Sir Ewaine said to him: "What is this quarrel betwixt my kinsman and thee?" And Sir Pellias made reply, "I will not tell thee, so let be and meddle not with it."

Then Sir Ewaine said, "Wouldst thou do serious battle with thy friend?" And Sir Pellias said, "He is a friend to me no longer."

Then Sir Brandiles cried out: "It is a great pity that a quarrel should lie betwixt such friends as thou and Sir Gawaine. Wilt thou not let us make peace betwixt you?"

But Sir Pellias replied, "Ye cannot make peace, for this quarrel cannot be stayed until it is ended."

Then those knights saw that their words could be of no avail, and they went away and left Sir Pellias.

So when Sir Pellias had broken his fast he summoned an esquire named Montenoir, and he bade him case him in that red armor that he had worn for all this time; and Montenoir did so. Then, when Sir Pellias was clad in that armor, he rode forth into the meadow before the castle where Sir Gawaine paraded.

And when he had come thither those four other knights came unto him again and besought him that he would let peace be made betwixt him and Sir Gawaine; but Sir Pellias would not listen to them, and so they went away again and left him, and he rode forth into the field before the Castle of Grantmesnle.

Now a great concourse of people had come down upon the castle walls for to behold that assault at arms, for news thereof had gone all about that place. And it had also come to be known that the knight that would do combat with Sir Pellias was that very famous royal knight Sir Gawaine, the son of King Lot of Orkney and a nephew of King Arthur; wherefore all the people were very desirous to behold so famous a knight do battle.

Likewise the Lady Ettard came down to the walls and took her stand in a lesser tower that overlooked the field of battle. And when she had taken her stand at that place she beheld that Sir Pellias wore that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold above his body armor, and her heart went out to him because of it.

Then each knight took his station in such place as seemed to him to be fitting, and they dressed each his spear and his shield and made him ready for the assault. And when they were in all ways prepared, Sir Marhaus gave the signal for the charge, whereupon each knight instantly quitted that station which he held, dashing against the other with the speed of lightning and with such fury that the earth thundered and shook beneath their horses' hoofs. So met they fair in the center of the course, each knight striking the other in the very midst of his defenses. And in that encounter the spear of Sir Gawaine burst, even to the hand-guard; but the spear of Sir Pellias held, so that Sir Gawaine was cast out of his saddle with terrible violence, smiting the earth with such force that he rolled thrice over in the dust and then lay altogether motionless as though bereft of life.

And at this all those people upon the walls shouted with a great voice, for it was an exceedingly noble assault at arms.

Then the four knights who stood watching that encounter made all haste unto Sir Gawaine where he lay; and Sir Pellias also rode back and sat his horse nigh at hand. Then Sir

Ewaine and Sir Gawaine's esquire unlaced the helmet of Sir Gawaine with all speed, and behold! his face was the color of ashes, and they could not see that he breathed.

Thereupon Sir Marhaus said, "I believe that thou hast slain this knight, Sir Pellias"; and Sir Pellias said, "Dost thou think so?" and Sir Marhaus said, "Yea; and I deem it to be a great pity." But Sir Pellias only said, "He hath not suffered more than he deserved."

At these words Sir Ewaine was filled with great indignation, and he cried out: "Sir Knight, I think that thou forgettest the quality of this knight. For not only is he a fellow-companion of the Round Table, to whom thou hast vowed entire brotherhood, but he is also the son of a king and the nephew of King Arthur himself."

But to this Sir Pellias maintained a very steadfast countenance and replied, "I would not repent me of this were that knight a king in his own right instead of the son of a king."

Then Sir Ewaine lifted up his voice with great indignation, crying out upon Sir Pellias, "Begone! or a great ill may befall thee." And Sir Pellias said, "Very well; I will go."

Upon this he turned his horse and rode away from that place, and entered the woodland, and so was gone from their sight.

Then those others present lifted up Sir Gawaine and bore him away unto the pavilion late of Sir Pellias. And they laid him upon the couch of Sir Pellias, and it was above an hour ere he recovered himself again; and for a great part of that while those nigh unto him believed him to be dead.

But not one of those knights wotted what was the case: to wit, that Sir Pellias had been so sorely wounded in the side in that encounter that it was not to be hoped that he could live for more than that day. For, though the spear of Sir Gawaine had burst, and though Sir Pellias had overthrown him entirely, yet the head of Sir Gawaine's spear had pierced the armor of Sir Pellias and had entered his side and had there broken off, so that of the iron of the spear the length of the breadth of a palm had remained in the body of Sir Pellias, and he was too proud to give sign that he was wounded.

Wherefore, while Sir Pellias sat there talking so steadfastly unto those four knights, he was yet whiles in a great passion of pain and the blood ran down into his armor in abundance. So, what with the loss of the blood and the agony which he suffered, the brain of Sir Pellias swam as light as a feather all the time that he held talk with those others. But he said not a word unto them concerning the grievous wound he had received, but rode away very proudly into the forest.

But when he had come into the forest he could not forbear him any longer, but fell to groaning very sorely, crying out, "Alas, alas! I have certes got my death-wound in this battle!"

Now it chanced that morn that the damsel Parcenet had ridden forth to fly a young gervalcon, and a dwarf belonging to the Lady Ettard had ridden with her for company. So as the damsel and the dwarf rode through a certain part of the forest skirt not a very great distance from Grantmesnle, where the thicker part of the woodland began and the thinner part thereof ceased, the damsel heard a voice in the forest lamenting with very great dole. So she stopped and harkened, and by and by she heard that voice again making a great moan. Then Parcenet said to the dwarf: "What is that I hear? Certes it is the voice of some one in lamentation. Now let us go and see who it is that maketh such woeful moan."

And the dwarf said, "It shall be as thou sayest."

So the damsel and the dwarf went a little way farther, and there they beheld a knight sitting upon a black horse beneath an oak-tree. And that knight was clad altogether in red armor, wherefore Parcenet knew that it must be Sir Pellias. And she saw that Sir Pellias leaned with the butt of his spear upon the ground and so upheld himself upon his horse, from which he would otherwise have fallen because of his great weakness. And all the while he made that great moan that Parcenet had heard. So, seeing him in this sorry condition, Parcenet was overcome with great pity, and she made haste to him, crying out, "Alas! Sir Pellias, what ails thee?"

Then Sir Pellias looked at her as though she

were a great way removed from him, and, because of the faintness of his soul, he beheld her as it were through thin water. And he said very faintly, "Maiden, I am sore hurt." Thereupon she said, "How art thou hurt, Sir Pellias?" And he replied, "I have a grievous wound in my side, for a spear's point standeth therein nigh a palm's breadth deep, so that it reaches nearly to my heart; wherefore meseems that I shall not live for very long."

Upon this the maiden cried out, "Alas, alas! what is this?" and she made great dole and smote her hands together with sorrow that that noble knight should have come to so grievous an extremity.

Then the dwarf that was with Parcenet, seeing how greatly she was distracted by sorrow, said: "Damsel, I know of a certain place in this forest (albeit it is a considerable distance from this) where there dwelleth a certain very wise hermit who is an extraordinarily skilful leech. Now, an we may bring this knight unto the chapel where that hermit dwelleth, I believe that he may be greatly holpen unto health and ease again."

So the dwarf took the horse of Sir Pellias by the bridle-rein and led the way through that forest, and Parcenet rode beside Sir Pellias. Thus they went forward very sorrowfully and at so slow a pace that it was noontide ere they came to that certain very dense and lonely part of the forest where the hermit abided.

And when they had come unto that place the dwarf said, "Yonder, damsel, is the chapel whereof I spake."

Then Parcenet lifted up her eyes, and she beheld where was a little woodland chapel built in among the leafy trees of the forest. And around this chapel was a little open lawn bedight with flowers, and nigh to the door of the hermitage was a fountain of water as clear as crystal. And this was a very secret and lonely place, and withal very silent and peaceful. For in front of the chapel they beheld a wild doe and her fawn browsing upon the tender grass and herbs without any fear of harm. And when the dwarf and the maiden and the wounded knight drew nigh, the doe and the fawn looked up with great wide eyes and spread their large ears with wonder, yet fled not, fear-

ing no harm, but by and by began their browsing again. Likewise all about the chapel in the branches of the trees were great quantities of birds singing and chirping very cheerfully. And those birds were waiting for their midday meal that the hermit was used to cast unto them.

And I must tell you that this was that same forest sanctuary whereunto King Arthur had come that time when he had been so sorely wounded by Sir Pellinore.

Now as the maiden and the dwarf and the wounded knight drew nigh, a little bell began ringing very sweetly, so that the sound thereof echoed all through those quiet woodlands, for it was now the hour of noon.

Then the door of the sanctuary was opened, and there came forth from that place a very venerable man with a long white beard as it were of finely carded wool. And, lo! as he came forth, all those birds that waited there flew about him in great quantities, for they thought that he had come forth for to feed them; wherefore the hermit was compelled to brush those small fowls away with his hands as he came unto where the three were stationed.

And when he had come unto them he demanded of them who they were and why they had come thither with that wounded knight. So Parcenet told him how it was with them, and of how they had found Sir Pellias so sorely wounded in the forest that morning and had brought him hitherward.

Then, when the hermit had heard all of her story, he said, "It is well, and I will take him in." So he took Sir Pellias into his cell, and when they had helped lay him upon the couch, Parcenet and the dwarf went their way homeward again.

After they had gone the hermit examined the hurt of Sir Pellias, and Sir Pellias lay in a deep swoon. And the swoon was so deep that the hermit saw that it was the death-swoon and that the knight was nigh to death, so he said, "This knight must assuredly die in a very little while, for I can do naught to save him." Now whilst the hermit was about this business the door opened of a sudden and there came into that place a very strange lady clad all in green and bedight around the arms with armlets of emeralds and opal stones inset into gold.

And her hair, which was very soft, was entirely black and was tied about with a cord of crimson ribbon. And the hermit beheld that her face was like to ivory for whiteness, and that her eyes were bright like unto jewels set into ivory, wherefore he knew that she was no ordinary mortal.

And this lady went straight to Sir Pellias and leaned over him so that her breath touched his forehead. And she said, "Alas, Sir Pellias, that thou shouldst lie so!"

Then the hermit said, "Thou mayst well say 'Alas!' for this knight hath only a few minutes to live."

Then the lady said, "Not so, thou holy man, for I tell thee that this knight shall have a long while yet to live." And when she had said this she stooped and took from about his neck that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold that encircled it and she hung it about her own neck.

But when the hermit beheld what she did, he said, "Lady, what is this that thou doest, and why dost thou take that ornament from a dying man?"

But the lady made reply very tranquilly: "I gave it unto him, wherefore I do but take back again what is mine own. But now I prithee let me be with this knight for a little while, for I have great hope that I may bring back life unto him again."

Then the hermit was a-doubt and he said, "Wilt thou endeavor to heal him by magic?" And the lady said, "If I do, it will not be by magic that is black."

So the hermit was satisfied and went away and left the lady alone with Sir Pellias.

Now when the lady was thus alone with the wounded knight she immediately set about doing sundry very strange things. For first she brought forth a lodestone of great power and potency, and this she set to the wound. And, lo! the iron of the spear-head came forth from the wound; and as it came Sir Pellias groaned with great passion. And when the spear-point came forth there burst out a great issue of blood, like to a fountain of crimson. But the lady immediately pressed a fragrant napkin of fine cambric linen to the wound and stanchd the blood, and it bled no more, for she

held it within the veins by very potent spells of magic. So, the blood being stanchied in this wise, the lady brought forth from her bosom a small crystal phial filled with an elixir of blue color and of a very singular fragrance. And she poured some of this elixir between the cold and leaden lips of the knight; and when the elixir touched his lips the life began to enter into his body once more, for in a little while he opened his eyes and gazed about him with a very strange look. And the first thing that he beheld was that a lady clad in green stood beside him.

And Sir Pellias said, "Where, then, am I?" And she said, "Thou art in a deep part of the forest, and this is the cell of a saint-like hermit of the forest."

And Sir Pellias said, "Who is it that hath brought me back to life?" Whereupon the lady smiled upon him and said, "It was I."

Now for a little while Sir Pellias lay very silent, then by and by he spake and said, "Lady, I feel very strangely." And the lady said, "Yea; that is because thou hast now a different life." And Sir Pellias said, "How is it with me?" And the lady said, "It is thus: that to bring thee back to life I gave thee to drink of a certain draught of an elixir vitæ, so that thou art now only half as thou wert before; as for the other half thou art fay."

Then Sir Pellias looked up and beheld that the lady had about her neck the collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold which he had aforetime worn. And lo! his heart went out to her with exceeding ardor, and he said: "Lady, thou sayest that I am half fay, and I do perceive that thou art altogether fay. Now I pray thee to let it be that henceforth I may abide nigh unto where thou art." And the lady said, "It shall be as thou dost ask, for to that end I have suffered it to be that thou shouldst so nearly die and then have brought thee back unto life again."

Then Sir Pellias said, "When may I go with thee?" And she said, "As soon as thou hast had to drink." And Sir Pellias said, "How may that be, seeing that I am but yet like unto a little child for weakness?" And the lady said, "When thou hast drunk of water thy strength shall return unto thee."

So the Lady of the Lake went out, and presently returned bearing in her hand an earthen crock filled with water from the fountain near at hand. And when Sir Pellias had drunk that water he felt, of a sudden, his strength come altogether back to him.

Yet he was not at all as he had been before, for now his body felt as light as air and his soul was dilated with a pure joy such as he had never felt in his life before that time. So he uprose from his couch of pain and he said, "Thou hast given life unto me again; now do I give that life unto thee forever."

Then the lady looked upon him and smiled with great loving-kindness. And she said: "Sir Pellias, I have held thee in regard ever since I beheld thee one day in thy young knighthood drink a draught of milk at a cottager's hut in this forest. For the day was warm and thou hadst set aside thy helmet, and a young milkmaid, brown of face and arms, came and brought thee a bowl of milk, which same thou drank with great appetite. That was the first time that I beheld thee, although thou didst not see me. Since that time I have had great friendship for all thy fellowship of King Arthur's court and for King Arthur himself, all for thy sake. For, indeed, thou art mine own true knight."

Then Sir Pellias said, "Lady, an thou takest me for thy knight, may I salute thee?" And she said, "Yea, if it pleases thee." So Sir Pellias kissed her upon the forehead, and so their troth was plighted.

So return we unto Parcenet and the dwarf.

After those two had left that hermitage in the woodland, they betook their way again toward Grantmesnle, and when they had come nigh out of the forest at a place not far from the glade of trees wherein those knights-companion had taken up their inn, they met one of those knights clad in half armor, and that knight was Sir Mador de la Porte. Then Parcenet called upon him by name, saying: "Alas! Sir Mador de la Porte, I have but this short time quitted a hermit's cell in the forest, where I left Sir Pellias sorely wounded to death, so that I fear me he hath only a little while to live."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte cried out: "Ha!

maiden, what is this thou tellest me? That is a very hard thing to believe, for when Sir Pelias quitted us this morn he gave no sign of wound or disease of any sort."

But Parcenet replied, "Ne'theless I myself beheld him lying in great pain and dole; and, ere he swooned his death-swoon, he himself told me that he had the iron of a spear deep thrust into his side."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte said: "Alas, alas, that is sorry news! Now, damsel, by thy leave and grace, I will hasten to my companions to tell them this news." And Parcenet said, "I prithee do so."

So Sir Mador de la Porte made haste to the pavilion where were his companions, and he told them the news that he had heard.

Now at this time Sir Gawaine was altogether recovered from the violent overthrow he had suffered that morning; wherefore when he heard the news that Sir Mador de la Porte brought to him, he smote his hands together and cried out aloud: "Woe is me! what have I done? For first I betrayed my friend and now I have slain him. Now I will go forth straightway to find him and to crave his forgiveness ere he die."

Then Sir Ewaine said: "What is this that thou wouldst do? Thou art not yet fit to undertake any journey."

But Sir Gawaine said, "I care not, for I am determined to go and find my friend." Nor would he suffer any of his companions to accompany him; but when he had summoned his squire to bring him his horse, he mounted thereon and rode away into the forest alone, taking his way to the westward and lamenting with great sorrow as he journeyed forward.

Now when the afternoon had fallen very late, so that the sun was sloping to its setting and the light fell as red as fire through the forest leaves, Sir Gawaine came to that hermit's cell where it stood in the silent and solitary part of the forest woodland. And he beheld that the hermit was outside of his cell digging in a little garden of lentils; and when the hermit saw the armed knight come into that lawn all in the red light of the setting sun, he stopped digging and leaned upon his trowel. Then Sir Gawaine drew nigh and, as he sat

upon his horse, he told the holy man of the business whereon he had come.

Then the hermit said to Sir Gawaine: "There came a lady hither several hours ago, and she was clad all in green and was of a very singular appearance, so that it was easy to see that she was fay. And by means of certain charms of magic that lady cured thy friend, and after she had healed him they two rode away into the forest together."

Then Sir Gawaine was very much amazed and he said: "This is a very strange thing that thou tellest me, that a knight who is dying should be brought back to life again in so short a time and should so suddenly ride forth from a bed of pain. Now I prithee tell me whither they went." And the hermit said, "They went to the westward."

And when Sir Gawaine heard this he said, "I will follow them."

So he rode away and left the hermit gazing after him. And as he rode forward upon his way the twilight began to fall apace, so that the woodlands after a while grew very dark and strange all around him. But as the darkness descended a very singular miracle happened, for, lo! there appeared before Sir Gawaine a light of a pale blue color, and it went before him and showed him the way, and he followed it, much marveling.

Now after he had followed the light for a very long time he came at last, of a sudden, to where the woodland ceased and where there was a wide, open plain of very great extent. And this plain was all illuminated by a singular radiance, which was like that of a clear, full moonlight, albeit no moon was shining at that time. And in that pale and silver light Sir Gawaine could see everything with wonderful distinctness; wherefore he beheld that he was in a plain covered all over with flowers of divers sorts, the odors whereof so filled the night that it appeared to press upon the bosom with a great pleasure. And he beheld that in front of him lay a great lake, very wide and still. And all those things appeared so strange in that light that Sir Gawaine wotted that he had come into a land of faerie.

So he rode among the tall flowers toward the lake in a sort of fear, for he wist not what

was to befall him. And as he drew near the lake he perceived a knight and a lady approaching him; and when they had come nigh he beheld that the knight was Sir Pellias and that his countenance was exceedingly strange. And he beheld that the lady was she whom he had aforetime seen clad all in green apparel when he had traveled in the Forest of Adventure with Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus.

Now when Sir Gawaine first beheld Sir Pellias he was filled with a great fear, for he thought it was a spirit that he beheld. But when he perceived that Sir Pellias was alive there came into his bosom a joy as great as that fear had been; wherefore he made haste toward Sir Pellias, and he leaped from off his horse, crying out, "Forgive! forgive!" with great vehemence of passion, and he would have taken Sir Pellias into his arms; but Sir Pellias withdrew himself from the contact of Sir Gawaine, though not with violence or anger.

And when he spake it was in a voice very thin and of a silvery clearness, as though it came from a considerable distance, and he said, "Touch me not, for I am not as I was aforetime, being not all human, but part fay. But as for what thou askest, I do forgive thee whatsoever injury I may have suffered from thee. And, more than this, I give unto thee my love and my great wishes for thy joy and

happiness. But now I go away to leave thee, dear friend, and mayhap I shall not behold thee again; wherefore I do leave this with thee

The Lady of the Lake finds Sir Pellias wounded.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

as my last bequest: to wit, that thou dost go back to King Arthur's court and make thy peace with the queen. So thou mayst bring them news of all that hath happened unto me."

Then Sir Gawaine cried out in great sorrow, "Whither wouldst thou go?"

And Sir Pellias said, "I shall go to yonder wonderful city of gold and azure which lieth not far distant in that valley of flowers."

Then Sir Gawaine said, "I see no city, but only a lake of water."

Whereupon Sir Pellias replied, "Ne'theless there is a city yonder, and thither I go; wherefore I do now bid thee farewell."

Then Sir Gawaine looked into the face of Sir Pellias, and beheld again that strange light, that it was of a very singular appearance, for, behold! it was white like to ivory, and his eyes shone like to jewels set in ivory, and a smile lay upon his lips, and grew neither more nor less, but always remained the same. For those who were of that sort had always that singular appearance and smiled in that manner: to wit, the Lady of the Lake, and Sir Pellias, and Sir Launcelot of the Lake.

Then Sir Pellias and the Lady of the Lake turned and left Sir Gawaine where he stood, and they went toward the lake, which they entered, and the moment when the feet of the horse of Sir Pellias had touched the water of the lake, lo! Sir Pellias was gone, and Sir Gawaine be-

held him no more, although he stood there for a long time, weeping with great passion.

So endeth the story of Sir Pellias.

But Sir Gawaine returned unto the court of King Arthur, as he had promised Sir Pellias for to do, and he made his peace with Queen Guinevere, and thereafter, though the queen loved him not so much as before, yet there was a peace betwixt them. And Sir Gawaine published these things to the court of King Arthur, and all men marveled at what he told.

And only twice thereafter was Sir Pellias ever seen of any of his aforetime companions.

And Sir Marhaus was chosen a companion of the Round Table and became one of the foremost knights thereof.

And the Lady Ettard took Sir Engamore into favor again, and that summer they were wedded and Sir Engamore became lord of Grantmesnle.

So endeth this part of the story.

(To be continued.)

LIFE ON THE WING.

BY SAMUEL GILMORE PALMER.

Oh, the charm and the joyance of life on the wing!
Of the sparrow's quick dash and the robin's long swing,
Of the goldfinch's gallop, the swallow's swift dive,
Or the ruby-throat's humming like bees in a hive.

The meadow-lark flies 'midst a halo of wings,
While the bobolink tumbles and leaps as he sings;
The gay little bluebirds, how they hover and dance,
While the pounce of the shrike leaves its victim no chance.

There 's the highhole's lope, and the sparrow-hawk's swoop,
While the jays flutter by in a jocular troop;
Here 's the chipping-bird's slide, with recovery swift,
And the crow's steady progress, with hardly a drift.

The flight of the warbler is nervous and quick,
While a sailor-like roll is the oriole's trick;
But the eagle, majestic of flight, is a king.
Oh, the charm and the joyance of life on the wing!

AUNT TABITHA.

BY WEBSTER DUYCKINCK CAMPBELL.



AUNT TABITHA is the very best aunt
That any one ever had,
And the boy who would n't be good to her
Must indeed be pretty bad!

For every summer a letter comes,
Like a fairy godmother's charm,
Inviting her "nephew to spend a month"
With his "aunt at Oakwood Farm."

It is close to a dear New England town,
Where the elms arch over the street,
And the sunbeams dance like butterflies
On the grass beneath your feet.

The house is covered with climbing vines,
And the well has a stately sweep,
With a barn behind near the daisy field
Where the cows stand half asleep.

And just beyond, at the foot of the hill,
Where the silvery willows grow,
Is the very best brook for catching trout
That a boy need wish to know.

But best of all is Aunt Tabitha,
With her quaint New England air,
And, as I love her and she loves me,
We're a very happy pair!

A NEW MISS MUFFET.

BY J. C. MEEM.

OUT on the mall were the girls playing ball;
Johnny sat near on a tuffit.
He said with a scowl, as a girl missed a foul:
"Just look at that little miss muff it!"



THE APPLE-TREE AND I.

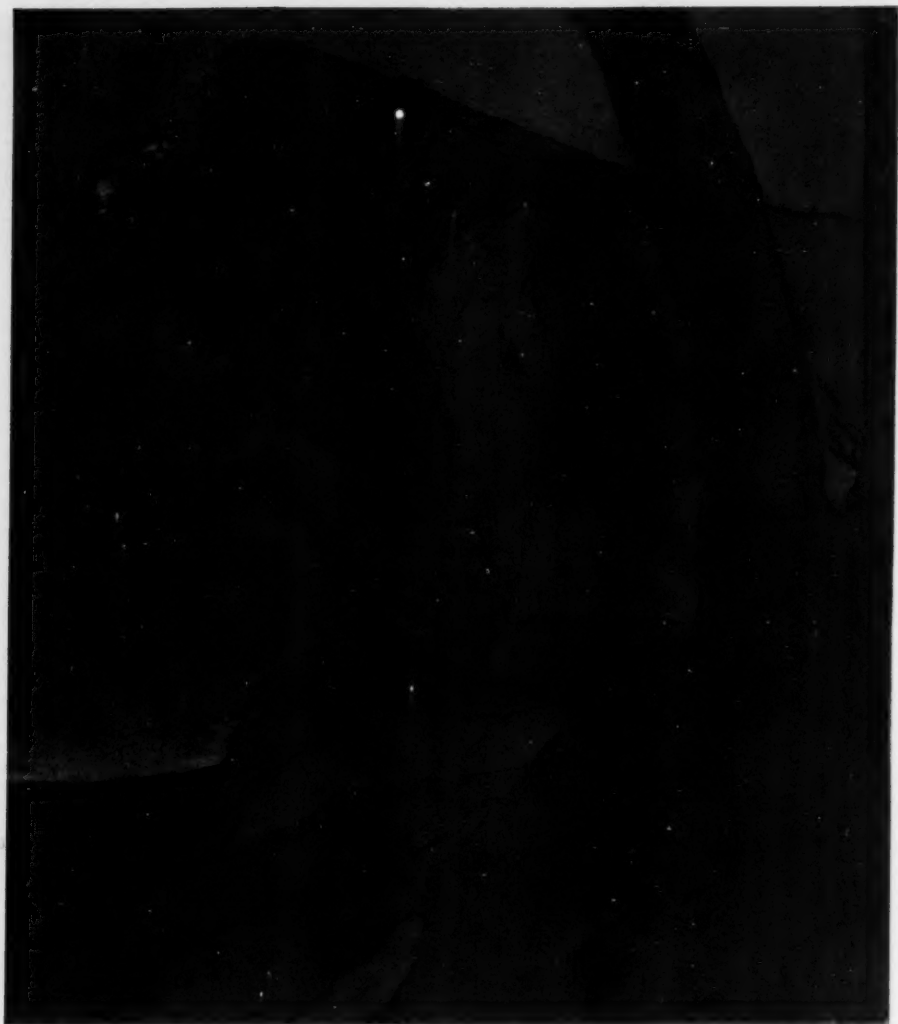
BY THOMAS TAPPER.

"DEAR apple-tree, dear apple-tree,
Please throw an apple down to me;
Yours are so large and fair and round,
Please drop me one upon the ground."

"Oh, no, my child, that cannot be,"
The old tree seemed to say to me.
"My apples, large and round and fair,
Look better high up in the air."

"Oh, apple-tree, dear apple-tree!
If you mean all you say to me,
Please shake your head real hard for no,
And I'll believe it's really so."

And so he shook his head at me,—
That dear old, stupid apple-tree!—
Down fell the apples at my feet,
And we had all that we could eat.



"JAGER'S ROAR WAS SO LOUD
THAT HE COULD BE HEARD FOR
MILES AND MILES." (SEE PAGE 925.)



THE LITTLE LION WITH THE BIG VOICE.

BY ANNA ISABEL LYMAN.

ONCE, in a great big forest, there lived a whole family of lions. Now, the oldest of the little lions — "Jager" was his name — gave his father and mother a great deal of trouble, for — what do you think? — he believed he had a musical voice, and would go out at all times of the day and night, roaming around the forest, singing, as he called it. But the fact is, he had the most awful voice you ever heard; it was a terrible roar and a howl, and it was so loud that he could be heard for miles and miles.

Now, the other animals in the forest would be so annoyed when they heard this frightful sound that they used to jump out of their dens and chase him. He would only roar the more at that; and when the other animals would howl, too, with rage, there would be the most terrible racket in that forest! All the baby animals woke up and began to cry, and, really, the confusion was most distressing.

"We can't stand it any longer," said the porcupine, one day.

"No, indeed," answered the fox. "I'd stop his noise, if I once had a chance at him."

So they went to the den of the father and mother lion, and told them that if they did n't do something to hush up Jager, all the ani-

mals of the forest would chase out the entire family.

Now, it was most inconvenient for the family to travel, for all Jager's brothers and sisters were young and troublesome to take around to other forests. So the father lion said that night, when Jager came walking into the den, his tail up straight, and a grin on his face (he had a plan for singing by the bears' cave until they all were mad): "Jager, all the creatures have had enough of your voice." Then he told what the animals had made up their minds to do.

Jager lashed his tail and opened his mouth to give a roar (for he expressed his feelings that way), when the father lion clapped his paw over his mouth.

"Did n't I tell you the animals had said, 'One more roar, and we will chase him'?"

"Well, I shall leave this forest to-night," said Jager, "and I'll travel and travel until I find some one who can appreciate my voice."

"You will have to travel on forever, then," said one of the brother lions who was listening.

Jager paid no attention to him, but marched out of the den and through the forest. When he came near to the hyenas' den, he said to himself, "I'll give one little roar, to wake up those cross hyena babies, for they are just

too disagreeable for anything." And he opened his mouth and let out his voice, and—my! my! I tell you, he had to hurry. The animals leaped out from behind bushes and chased him, and he had to run for his very life. They all chased and chased through the forest till they came to a river.

Jager jumped in, and all the animals who could swim jumped after him. The fish were most astonished to see such a crowd of animals leap into the river in a hurry, and thought the animals had become terribly fond of swimming, all at once.

When Jager reached the other side he was about exhausted, but he scrambled out and laid

himself down in a den in the rocks. Peeking out with one eye, he saw the animals hunting for him, and he heard one say:



"JAGER LAID HIMSELF DOWN IN A DEN IN THE ROCKS."

"He must have been eaten up by a shark in the river."

They all were so afraid that they too might be eaten up by a shark on the way back that they decided to go home another way.

Jager poked his head all the way out of his hiding-place, and laughed to himself to see them all taking the longest way home, when they were so tired that they could hardly hold up their heads.

Well, Jager was so tired himself with the chase that he slept in the den that night and the next day. When he woke up, at last, he felt fine, and started out once more on his journey.

By and by he came to a big mountain, and up it he climbed. On the top was a big castle, and into it he walked to see what he could see.

Now, in this castle there lived, all alone, a

giant ogre. He was not so bad an ogre as some, but still, he was frightful to look upon, and the people in the country at the bottom of the mountain were afraid of him.

Well, Jager walked right in, and there, on a table, fast asleep, was the ogre.

"My! my!" said Jager. "I'd just like to let out my voice all at once, just for the fun of seeing him jump." So he crept up to the ogre closer and closer, and when his nose was right up to the ogre's ear, he made a most terrible roar.

Well, that ogre gave a jump, I tell you! He leaped off the table at one bound, and stood in the corner of the room, rubbing his ear.

"Did you hear that terrible noise?" said he to Jager. "It sounded like thunder, or as if all the animals in the forest were yelling at their very loudest."

"You don't say!" remarked Jager, grinning behind his paw. "Would you like to hear it again?"

"If you know what that noise was, tell me at once," said the ogre.

"And who are you, anyway, and what are you doing in my castle? Tell me what was that noise, or I'll twist your tail." And he seized it and gave it a fearful tweak.

"Let go, and I'll tell you," said Jager. He thought he would just let that ogre know that he was no animal to be snubbed in that way, so he said:

"Put down your ear, so that I can whisper what it was."

Well, the ogre put down his ear, and Jager gave a roar into it so loud that the ogre leaped right up into the air.

"Don't do it again," shouted he, when he saw Jager open his mouth for another—"not until I am a hundred miles off!"

"Well," said Jager, "I have rather an unusual voice."

"I should think so!" said the ogre. "If you'll promise you won't make such a noise again right away, I'll tell you something."

Jäger promised, and the ogre came and sat down beside him. "I know how your voice could be put to a most magnificent use," said he to the little lion.

"That 's just what I came traveling to find," said Jäger.

The ogre began to laugh. "Well," said he, "this is a great plan. To-morrow a big army of savages are coming to kill and ravage about this country, and you and I will just go out to meet them; and if you give a roar like that, and they do not know what it is, I 'm sure they 'll turn and run as fast as they can go!"

"That is a fine idea," said Jäger; "for, really, I can make a noise twice as loud and awful as the one I have just made. You listen to me, now."

But the ogre ran for the door as fast as he could go. "Wait till I get a mile or two away," said he, "before you begin."

So Jäger waited, and that afternoon he practised and practised, till his voice was terrible to hear.

When the ogre came home he gave Jäger, besides a good dinner, some soothing medicine for his throat, so that it would be in condition for the morning.

When the morrow came, Jäger and the ogre started out. Far off, in the distance, they saw the savages coming. The savages saw the

ogre and Jäger, but thought they could easily finish them.

They did n't know, did they?

Well, on they came, rushing, terrible to see. The ogre he swung his club, and Jäger lashed his tail, and laughed to himself.

"When I say 'three,'" said the ogre, "you roar and make the biggest noise you can, and I will rush at them, and we will see what will happen. I am going to begin now. One—" Jäger took in a big breath. "Two—" Jäger opened his mouth. "Three!" Jäger roared—a roar so enormous and terrible the savages fell down in a heap with fright; and when they saw the ogre coming at them, swinging his club, and heard another terrible sound, more frightful than the first, they just took to their heels, and did not stop to look behind until they had reached their own homes. And, what 's more, they never tried to ravage and kill in that country again; for they believed it to be protected by some frightful monster.

As for the ogre and Jäger, the people in the country near were so thankful for their protection that they gave them presents and things; and the ogre and Jäger lived happy ever after in the castle on the mountain.

And every evening Jäger sat on a rock on the very tiptop, and practised his voice, until it grew into something most astonishing.



A PORTRAIT OF JÄGER AFTER HE WAS GROWN UP.



BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

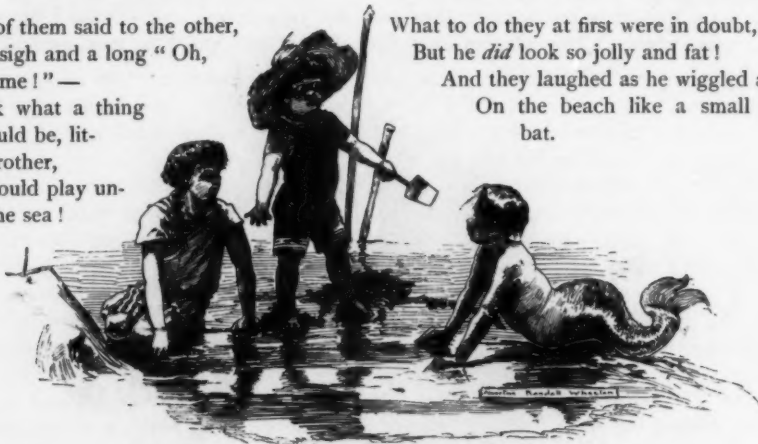
I.

THE sea was as blue as the sky,
And the sky was as blue as the sea,
And gay little ripples were hurrying by,
For the west wind blew merry and free;

And two little lads were at play
On the shining white sand by the sea;
They had nothing to do for a long summer day,
But be happy as happy could be.

And that was the reason, perhaps,—
For no other one seemed in the way,—
That before many hours these two little chaps
Began to be tired of their play;

And one of them said to the other,
With a sigh and a long "Oh,
dear me!"—
"Just think what a thing
it would be, lit-
tle brother,
If we could play un-
der the sea!



"I am tired of the flowers that grow
In a common way here on the land;
It is very much prettier down there below,
Where the sea-flowers grow in the sand!

"And if we lived under the sea,
Our clothes could be short and quite plain;
And they never would call us to come in to
tea,
Or to hurry in out of the rain!"

Then a strange sound came up from the sea,
A little voice, piping and shrill;
And what was it saying but just "Oh, dear
me!"
And then: "Do not stop me! I *will*!"

And suddenly, there on the strand,
Washed up by an extra large wave,
Lay a merlad, who held out his hand,
The land-boys' acquaintance to crave.

What to do they at first were in doubt,
But he *did* look so jolly and fat!
And they laughed as he wiggled about
On the beach like a small acro-
bat.

And the land-boys, no longer affrighted,—
His face was so smiling and bright,—
Made a bargain with him, much delighted,
To exchange for a day and a night.



He called up his little twin brother,
And together they wiggled away.
While gleefully then went the other
Two chaps through the foam and the
spray.

For a moment they felt rather frightened,
And did not know where they could be;
And then a green roof o'er them brightened,
And they bowed to the Queen of the Sea!

II.

NEXT morning, at dawn, by the ocean
Met the four little laddies once more;
And you have n't, I'm sure, the least no-
tion
Of the length of the faces they wore!

And the land-boys at once said, "I would n't
Exchange any more for the world!"
And the merlads both shouted, "We
could n't!"
As themselves in the ocean they hurled.

And the smiles straight returned to their
faces;
They swam back for a little more talk.
The older one said: "Of all places!
Just think! You poor people must
walk!

"Those two-legged things have
to do it.
And worse, too, than that,
for out there
I found—and had reason to
rue it—
That every one sits on a chair!"

Said one of the land-boys: "Well,
maybe
You think we've enjoyed it down here.
But my bed was too short for a baby,
And made of wet seaweed—oh, dear!

"And all of your merpeople pointed
And laughed both at me and at him,
Just because we had legs and were jointed,
And did n't know *their* way to swim!

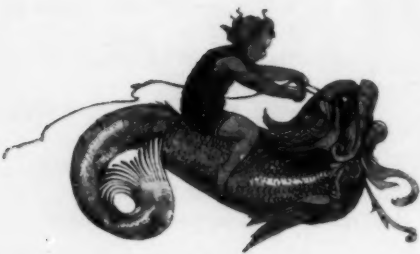


"And one of them, while I was lying
On the side of an old sunken wreck,
Woke me up, and I found he was trying
To tie a shark's fin round my neck.

Now whether they dreamed it, or whether
It happened, I really can't say.
Do dreams ever come two together?
They might, maybe, once in a way.

"I could n't stand that, you know—never!
So our dolphins we rode to the strand.
I am done with the ocean forever;
There 's no place for me like the land."

But this I can tell you: no grumbling
Was evermore done by those boys.
Their baseball, their swimming, and tumbling
From that day were nothing but joys.



THE KITTENS' CHESS-PARTY.

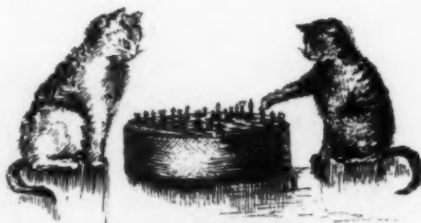
(A Story in Six Words.)



I. INVITATION.



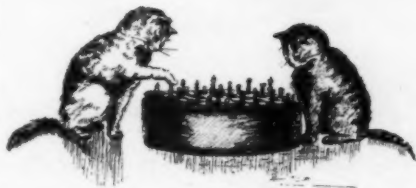
IV. ACCUSATION.



II. DELIBERATION.



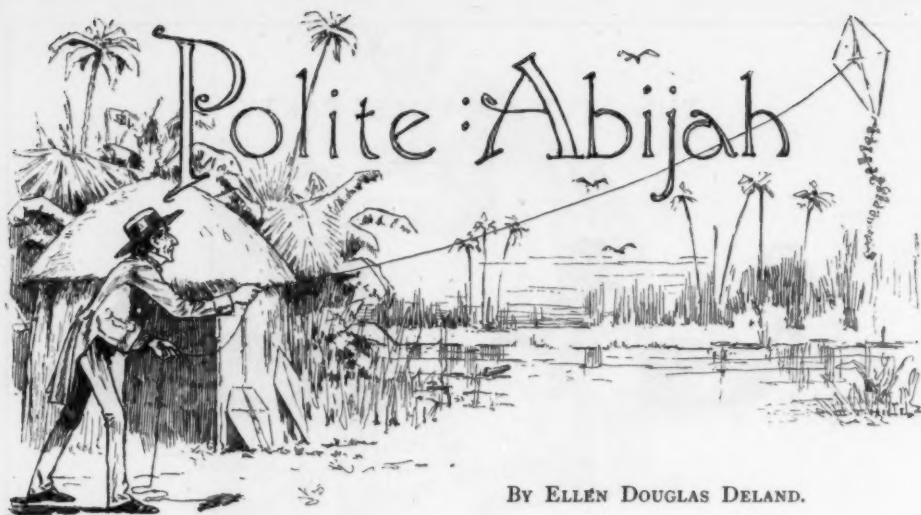
V. RETALIATION.



III. DETERMINATION.



VI. DEVASTATION.



BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

THERE once was a man whose name was
Abijah;
He lived all alone on the banks of the
Niger.

He was very polite
And he never would fight,
And he spent all his leisure in flying a kite,
Did this man on the banks of the Niger.



One day a young cannibal came there to
call;
He stood in the doorway and loudly did
bawl,
"Come out here, you sinner,
I want you for dinner!"
And he gave such a laugh, this terrific young
grinner,
This cannibal come there to call.



Abijah politely obeyed his request,
 "But," said he, with a bow, "I must really
 protest
 At so speedy a cooking
 Without ever your looking,
 Kind sir, at my kite, into which I've been
 hooking
 This tail," and he bowed — "I protest!"

Now just at this moment there sprang up a
 breeze
 Which caused the young cannibal loudly to
 sneeze,
 While Abijah, polite,
 Quickly started his kite.
 "I regret, sir," he cried, "that your good
 appetite
 I really can't stay to appease."

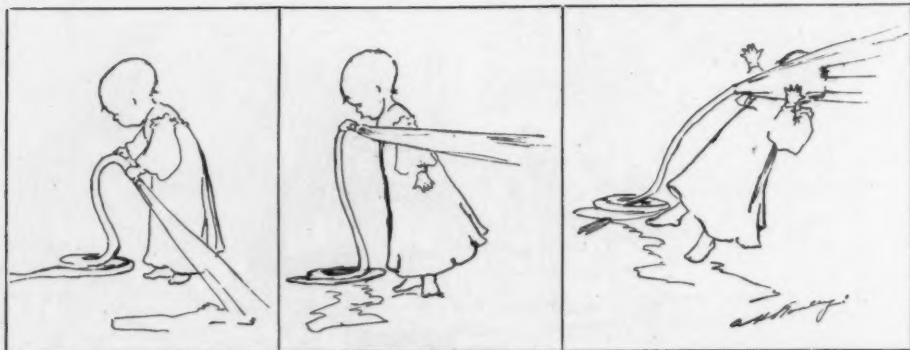


And the first thing that hungry young cannibal
 knew
 Away flew the kite, and Abijah went too,
 And politely he said
 As he passed overhead,
 With a wave of his hat and a bend of his
 head,
 "I regret, sir, I cannot afford you a stew,
 And must now most respectfully bid you
 'adieu!'"

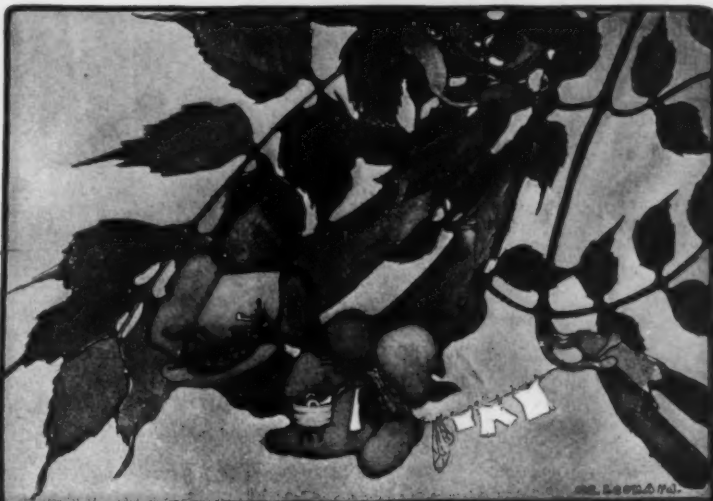




"WELL, I ADVERTISED FOR TENANTS, BUT I WON'T TAKE MOSQUITOES. GO 'WAY! SHOO!"



A SUDDEN SHOWER.

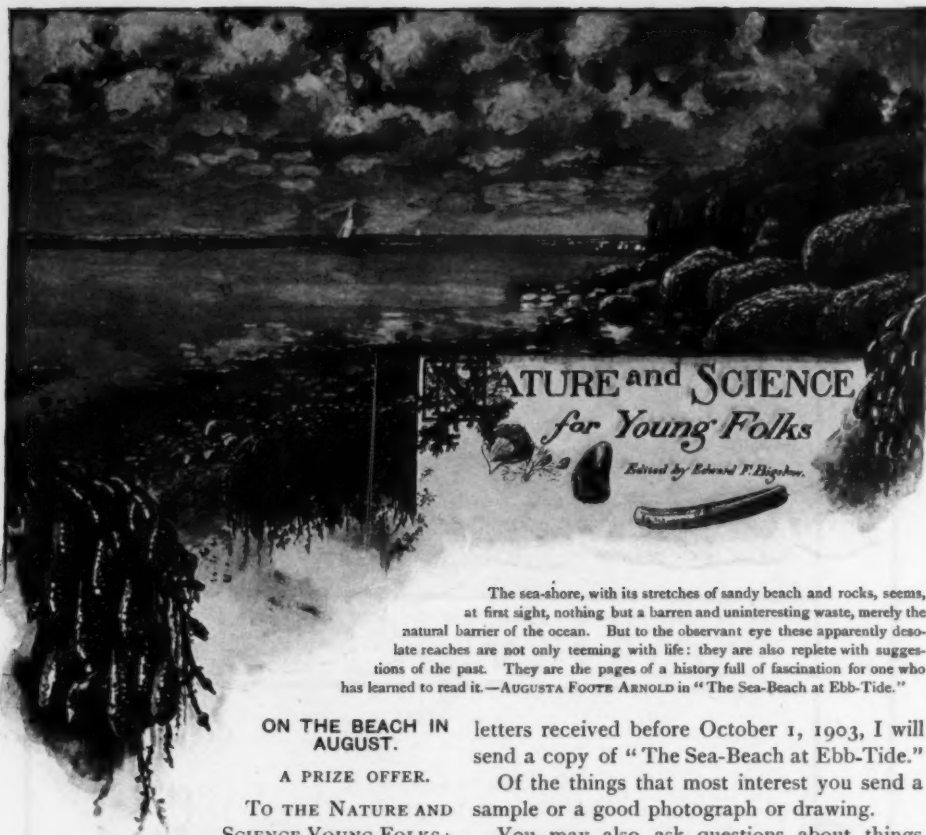


AUGUST

In sultry August we may see
The little busy, buzzy Bee ;
A pattern he
For you and me
Of diligence and industry.

Some naughty people, we must own,
Are like the dozy, drowsy Drone ;
They yawn and drawl
And creep and crawl,
And all their industry postpone.

Oh, how much better, if you please,
To be like busy, buzzy Bees !



The sea-shore, with its stretches of sandy beach and rocks, seems, at first sight, nothing but a barren and uninteresting waste, merely the natural barrier of the ocean. But to the observant eye these apparently desolate reaches are not only teeming with life: they are also replete with suggestions of the past. They are the pages of a history full of fascination for one who has learned to read it.—AUGUSTA FOOTE ARNOLD in "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide."

ON THE BEACH IN AUGUST.

A PRIZE OFFER.

TO THE NATURE AND SCIENCE YOUNG FOLKS:

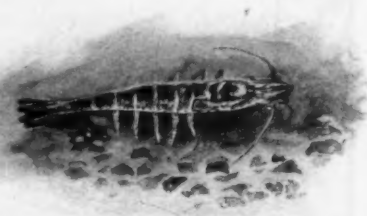
At this season of the year many of our young folks are at the sea-shore. To especially please this portion of the readers of *Nature and Science*, I have been thinking and thinking what I shall tell them of the forms of life to be found on the beach. There are so many interesting things to be seen, especially at low tide, that I hardly know what to select. So I have decided to follow the suggestion of a friend and let you help make the selections. I will tell you here of two things that have especially interested me, and some of our young folks in the *Nature and Science* letters this month and next will tell you all of other things that have interested them. Then I wish every young *Nature and Science* observer to see things on the beach and "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." To each of the writers of the best three

letters received before October 1, 1903, I will send a copy of "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide."

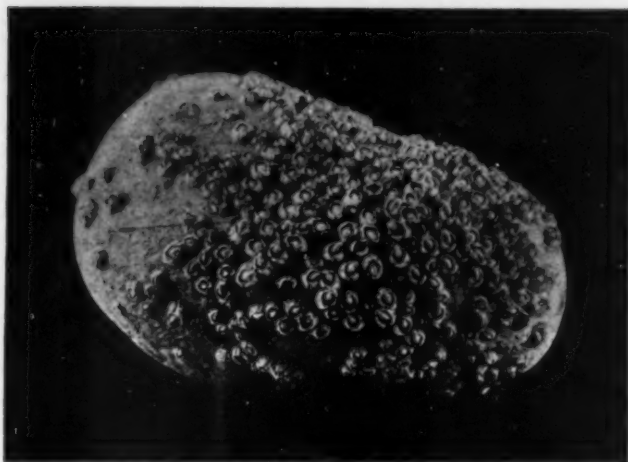
Of the things that most interest you send a sample or a good photograph or drawing.

You may also ask questions about things you do not understand. Such of the questions, with their answers, as are of general interest, will be published in our "Because We Want to Know" department. Of the things that have especially interested me are two forms of shell animals that cling to the stones. What are your interests? We all are waiting for a reply.

EDITOR NATURE AND SCIENCE.



"DID YOU EVER TRY TO CATCH SAND-SHRIMPS? HOW THEY CAN DART!"



COMMON BARNACLES ATTACHED TO A STONE.

CLINGING TO THE STONES.

THE beach near the water's edge at low tide was pebbly, and a little farther away were smooth stones as large as your head. Near the high-water mark was a long, wide row of rounded boulders, varying from a foot to several feet in diameter. Nearly all these stones, from the smallest to the largest, were covered with barnacles—the *Balanus*, or commonest kind of barnacle. This barnacle is found firmly attached to rocks, piling, buoys, bottoms of vessels, and all kinds of submerged woodwork, as well as to the backs of lobsters and crabs and the shells of various mollusks. It is one of the commonest animals along our sea-shores, often covering boulders and timbers with a continuous coat. The long-necked barnacles, commonly known as "goose-barnacles," in allusion to the fable that geese spring from them, are usually found suspended from floating timbers, seaweed, etc.

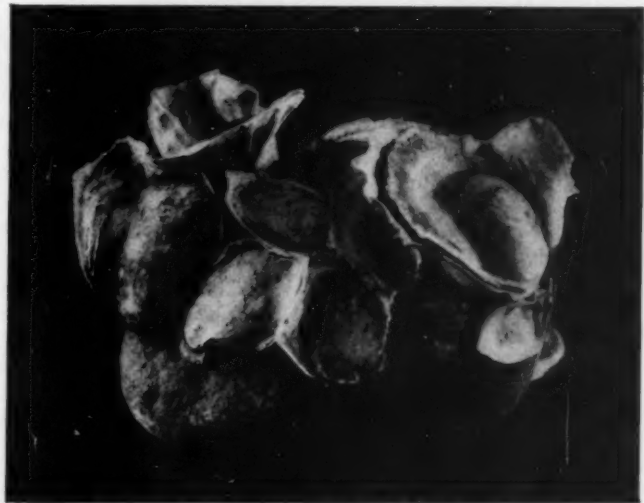
The external similarity of barnacles to mussels and other mollusks caused them to be regarded as mollusks

until the discovery of the free-swimming young showed them to be crustaceans. When first hatched the young barnacle has a rounded form, and swims about freely by means of several pairs of hairy legs. It molts several times, grows, and undergoes a change in shape, the skin becoming reduplicated to form the shell, and the antennæ giving rise to a sucking disk. After swimming about for some time, the young barnacle settles down on some foreign body, and is thereafter permanently attached, through a cement

which is secreted by a special gland and hardens when in contact with water.

Farther along the beach, where there were not so many barnacles, I found several stones to which young oysters were attached.

When oysters first emerge from the egg stage they are microscopic bodies which swim freely for a number of days and then settle on some object under the water. The shell, which has been very, very thin and small, now begins to grow, and the oyster is soon firmly attached



SMALL OYSTERS ATTACHED TO A STONE.

by its lower valve. This fact is taken advantage of by oyster-farmers, who sow clean shells, gravel, or broken stone in places where the fry will settle, for if the little bodies fall on the soft bottom or on a surface coated with slime or mud, they quickly perish. Thus is obtained a "set" or "spat" of young oysters.

ON STANDING STILL

If I were asked what thing, above all others, one must know how to do in order to

get acquainted with the wild wood folk, I should answer, learn to stand still.

One night last summer I got home rather late from a drive. I had left several cocks of hay spread out in the little meadow, and after supper, though it was already pretty damp, I took the fork, went down, and cocked it up.

Returning, I climbed by a narrow path through some pines, and came out into my pasture. It was a bright moonlight night, and leaning back upon the short-handled fork, I stopped in the shadows of the pines to look out over the softly lighted field.

Off in the woods, a mile away, I heard the deep but mellow tones of two foxhounds. Day and night all summer long I had heard them, and all summer long I had hurried, now here, now there, hoping for a glimpse of the fox. But he always heard me and turned aside.

The sound of the dogs was really musical. They were now crossing an open stretch leading down to the meadow behind me. As I leaned listening, I heard a low, uneasy murmuring from a covey of quail sleeping in the brush beside the path, and before I had time to ask what it meant, a fox trotted up the path behind me, and stopped in the edge of the shadows directly at my feet.

I did not move a muscle. He sniffed at my dew-wet boots, backed away, and looked me over curiously. I could have touched him. Then he sat down, with just his silver-tipped brush in the silver moonlight, to study me in earnest.

The deep baying of the hounds was coming nearer. How often I had heard it, and how often exclaimed, "Poor little fox!" But here sat poor little fox, calmly wondering what kind of a stump he had run up against this time.

I could only dimly see his eyes, but his whole body said: "I can't make it out, for it does n't move. But if it does n't move I'm not afraid." Then he trotted to this side and to that for a better wind, half afraid, yet very curious.

But his time was up. The dogs were yelping across the meadow on his warm



"A FOX TROTTED UP THE PATH BEHIND ME."

trail. Giving me a last unsatisfied look, he dropped down the path directly toward the hounds, and sprang lightly off into the brush.

The din of their own voices must have deafened the dogs, or they would have heard him. Round and round they circled, giving the fox ample time for the study of another "stump" before they discovered that he had doubled down the path, and still longer time before they got across the wide scentless space of his side jump, and once more fastened upon his trail.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

AN UPSIDE-DOWN FLOWER.

THINK how funny it would be to see a long beard from the forehead of a face instead of the chin. Our calopogon, or "beautiful beard," wears its gay fungi of white, yellow, and magenta hairs in this remarkable fashion, for its lip, or odd bearded petal, is at the top of the flower, instead of being twisted so that it takes a lower place, as the lip of a flower usually does. It has its reason, however. Every fragrance, every vivid color in a flower is meant as a call to an insect, and the calopogon, with this gay beard on top, is best seen growing in the sedgy marsh by the wandering bee. The bee quickly alights, and then the lip, which is as flexible as if hinged, drops down, and the visitor is actually pushed against the wet and sticky stigma of the blossom. The bee cannot arise instantly, for two flower-wings hold him lightly in this position just long enough for his weight to open a little pocket full of grains of pollen fastened with cobwebby threads. The grains naturally stick to the body of the bee, already smeared over by contact with the stigma, the light threads break, and away flies the bee, bearing his load of pollen, which hardens as soon as exposed to the air. Again he sees a gay color-signal, drops down on the lip of another calopogon, and is adroitly and lightly again knocked into line against the new stigma, where his pollen adheres, and he is free to receive another load. How delicately the little flower pugilist delivers her thrusts, and how exactly the bee is held in position! There is hardly anything in nature more interesting than the mechanism of an orchid and its automatic and wonderful adaptation to insects.



THE CALOPOGON, OR
"BEAUTIFUL BEARD."

If you wish to find this purplish-pink spike of blossoms with its single grass-like leaf, look in the cranberry-bog or in the marsh, and if there be a low wet meadow near by, do not forget to look there.

One of its botanical names has the pretty meaning of "meadow-gift," but it likes the marshes best, after all.

E. F. MOSBY.

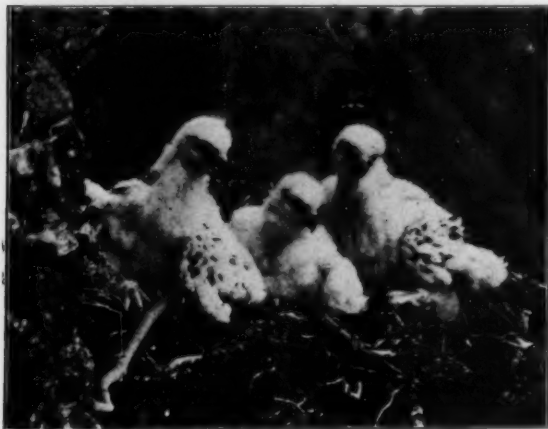
Two other very interesting rose-purple, bearded flowers are often to be found in the meadows in association with the calopogon. These are the *arethusa* and the *pogonia*.

The naturalist Thoreau tells of the abundance and beauty of these flowers in "Hubbard's Blueberry Swamp." He did not, however, like the names. He wrote in his journal:

"They are flowers, excepting the first at least, without a name. *Pogonia*! *Calopogon*! They would blush still deeper if they knew the names man has given them. . . . The *pogonia* has a strong, snaky odor. The first may, perhaps, retain its name, *Arethusa*, from the places in which it grows; and the other two deserve the names of nymphs."—EDITOR.

YOUNG EAGLES.

It was on July 15 that I set out with a friend to go on a ride some distance up a



THE YOUNG EAGLES IN THE NEST.

mountain. Upon a very large precipice we noticed a large collection of sticks, twigs, and moss. By closer investigation we discovered on top of this mass three young eagles.

My friend suggested getting a photograph of them, but without ropes or ladders a picture was out of the question. So we tramped to a miner's cabin about a mile distant and secured what we needed. With some difficulty I managed to make three photographs. One of the best I send with this letter.

I now have the three eagles in a large cage, where they are well cared for. Of this species there are usually only two in a nest.

Fortunately for us, the parent birds did not appear while we were taking the photographs. If they had, they might have given us a very warm reception, as eagles are very devoted to their young.

In most places the chief food of eagles consists of squirrels, rabbits, and the lesser marmot. Occasionally a fish or grouse forms a delicate morsel. In this far-off northern country the lesser marmot is the most plentiful small animal, and inhabits the tops as well as the bases of the mountains. Hence it seems to be the eagles' principal diet.

LEWIS P. MUIRHEAD, JR.

THE LEAF-MINERS.

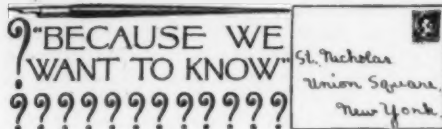
MANY leaf-eating caterpillars are so small that they can live between the upper and the lower skin of a leaf, although the leaf may not be thicker than common writing-paper. Such larvæ or caterpillars are called leaf-miners. The green color of a leaf is due to the pulp between the two transparent skins. Where this pulp has been eaten out there is a clear or whitish line. Some of these lines are straight, some coiled like a snake, and still others, as shown in the photograph, have the appearance of bits of white string tangled and knotted on the leaf. Lowell must have had these little insects in mind when he wrote:

And there's never a blade nor a leaf too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

During the late summer or early autumn look for these leaf-miners in various kinds of leaves.



HOMES OF THE LEAF-MINERS.



A QUEER PLANT GROWTH.

BARRINGTON, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By this mail I have sent a box which contains a specimen. It was found down in the woods back of our school. Will you please tell me what it is?

RUSSELL W. FIELD
(age 11).

This is a very queer form of plant growth caused by the sting of an insect, and is known as the oak-fig gall (*Cynips forticornis*).

You will remember that we explained about gall growths, and showed a few other interesting forms, on pages 268, 269, and 270 of Nature and Science for January, 1903.



THE OAK-FIG GALL.

THE NEST OF THE CACTUS-WREN.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago I had given me a nest of the cactus-wren. This nest is very curious, as it is built in a fork of one of the most thorny and "wicked" species of cactus that we have here. The nest is pear-shaped or oval, and lies flat on its side, with the entrance at the smaller end. The nest proper occupies the inside of this, and is lined with feathers, while the walls and foundation of the nest are of small sticks, straw, etc.

This habit of building its nest in the cactus gives the bird its name. I think that it is chiefly for protection against the numerous snakes which makes the wren select this place of abode. But is this a true wren, and is there any other name for it?

I am sending a photograph of the cactus-wren's nest. It is a very good clear one, and I hope it will meet all requirements, as it was no enviable job to carry

the prickly thing down to the photographer's and back.

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL S. BERRY
(age 16).

The cactus-wren is a true wren, with a very long scientific name of *Helodytes brunneicapillus*. Of this bird with a mouth-twisting name Florence Merriam Bailey, in her "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States," tells us as follows:



A CACTUS-WREN.

Brunneicapillus seems on first acquaintance, in a cactus and mesquit thicket, the most unwren-like of wrens. Its big size, blackish color, and grating monotonous *chut, chut, chut, chut*, have little to suggest its small brown, sweet-voiced relatives. It is a conspicuous bird in that strange land of cactus, mesquit, and yucca, and fits into its desert surroundings as well as its odd nest does in among the yucca bayonets or cactus thorns.

In New Mexico Mr. Anthony found the wrens repairing their nests in the fall, and thinks that they roost in them in winter, and use them for protection against storms. He believes that each pair of wrens keep several nests in order for this purpose.



THE NEST OF THE CACTUS-WREN.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE-BREADED GROSBK.

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much, especially the Nature



THE ROSE-BREADED GROSBK.

and Science department. I think the grosbeaks are as pretty birds as I have seen. One morning last spring, as I stepped out of the woodhouse door, I saw one of these beautiful birds in a cherry-tree near by. I called my parents out to see it, and it is no wonder that they exclaimed, for these birds have such a beautiful rose-colored spot on the breast. And this bright spot looked more beautiful because the morning sun shone on it. They are useful birds, because they eat potato-bugs.

Yours truly,

WINIFRED DEAN (age 13).

In some places the farmers apply the nickname "the potato-bug bird." It also eats other insects, but potato-bugs are evidently the favorite diet.

The bird is remarkably beautiful and the song a great delight, so much so that these birds are sometimes caged as song-birds. Florence Merriam refers to the song as "the rich, rounded pendulum song. Except perhaps the oriole's, it is the loudest and most musical of all songs."

BIRDS AT A SUMMER RESIDENCE.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the summer I have great opportunities to study birds. We live on a knoll quite a distance back from the village street, with a cherry grove and berry thicket on one side, an apple orchard on another, fields and streams below us, and a hillside covered with trees and shrubs on the other side. From October to July few people visit our hill, and so when we come there in summer there are birds' nests in the vines about our cottage, and the orchards and trees are full of

birds and nests. Last summer we saw close beside us a great many varieties. For this reason it is much easier for me to find and study birds in winter than in summer, for in the winter I shall have to take long walks to see them, as I live in the heart of a city, where not very many birds will come. Beginning next fall, I hope to note all the birds that I see from November to April.

I think it queer that some of our smallest birds prefer cold weather to warm. The chickadee is a great favorite with the children. The ruffed grouse puts on his "snow-shoes" late in autumn to be ready for the first December snow. For several winters I have watched a hoot-owl—I think it is the same one—who makes his home in a church roof near by, and goes out in the twilight.

MORGAN ST. JOHN.

The true observer and naturalist makes plans for the future, and so is ready to carry them out when the time comes.

GLOW-WORMS.

LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to send you a drawing of what I supposed to be a glow-worm; but I asked a lady here, and she said that, although she thought it must belong to that family, it was not an American glow-worm, and whether it might be a European one or not I do not know. So I am writing to you for an explanation of it. It is scaly, brown on the top and pink underneath, and in its last three scales is the "glow," which is so strong that it gives quite a little light, even through a leaf.



A DRAWING BY THE WRITER OF THIS LETTER.

Yours sincerely,

CAROLINE Z. WATTS (age 14).

Various insects have the power to give out light. On the ground we call them glow-worms, therefore you may call your insect a glow-worm; in the air fireflies or lightning-bugs.



OUR ARTIST'S-DRAWING OF A GLOW-WORM FOUND IN THE GRASS AT NIGHT. It is the larval form of the common firefly or lightning-bug.

A FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL WITH A BEAK LIKE A DUCK.

YANGAN, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Queensland, near the town of Warwick. Last Sunday we went for a walk



THE PLATYPUS.

along the bank of Swan Creek. When we were very nearly home, father signaled to me to come along quickly. I knew at once there was a platypus, and started to run to the place where they all stood. There was a platypus swimming about in the shallow water. After we had been watching it for about a quarter of an hour, one of us made a noise and frightened it away. Father and mother were going home then, but one of my sisters and I followed it. It swam straight till it reached a clump of willows, where it stopped and got up on one of the limbs that were touching the water, and started cleaning itself. I don't know how long it would have stopped, only we frightened it away. The platypus is very timid and is rarely seen, but lately several have been seen. They have a duck's bill and webbed feet and a short, broad tail. Its body is something like a mole's; it is sometimes called a duck-mole. For a nest it burrows into the bank of a creek. Its skin, which is very beautiful, is used for making muffs and rugs.

I am your loving reader,

PEARL ADAM.

SEA-SHORE MEMORIES.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The day had dawned in beauty when I set forth for adventure. I walked down to the shore and gathered some seaweed, detaching the long, lovely olive-green sprays from the wet rocks. These fronds make a graceful bouquet if arranged and kept moist. After I had carried them upstairs and placed them in a wide bowl, I began to study their shapes. I discovered on one of the bulbous glands a dainty little organism carrying his substantial shell house on his back. His simulation of color, a beautiful olive, was complete, and only his motion revealed his presence. I took him from the algæ and laid him on a sheet of paper. He immediately paped back his shield of cartilage and extended his tiny tentacles. He

became so active that I thought it well to secure him in a glass which I had filled with *fresh* water. He at once drew in. I suppose his sense of smell was offended by the kind of water that I offered, and he showed his disgust at my want of discrimination toward a guest of his sensitive temperament. This, at the time, I did not realize, but, thinking him sulky, emptied out the water, put him on the shelf, and inverted the tumbler over him. On the day following I observed him in apparently the same mood, and it suggested itself to my mind that perhaps he desired *salt* to his nourishment. I carried a glass to the water's edge, half filled it, returned, and conveyed his Fastidious Majesty to its depths. In an instant he was awake, and showed his great joy by immediately climbing up the side of the tumbler. So nimble had he become that I felt astonished, as I supposed his most rapid pace would be a crawl. It seems to me that what are called the lower orders are wonderfully designed. I asked some one who looked wise if he could tell the name of my new friend. He said: "Only a periwinkle, my boy, and very common." How little he understood the matter! And so I had to introduce Master *Littorina palliata*, of the distinguished family of *Gastropoda*. Of course there is something impressive in a name of note, for at once he was shown profound respect by all, including my mortified friend, who had at first confused him with an ordinary connection.

LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR.

(age 11 years).



THE SHELL OF
LITTORINA PALLI-
ATA.

In many places on the beach the littorinas (there are several varieties) are as plentiful as are the common barnacles described on page 937 of this number of Nature and Science. Often the rocks at low tide are black with them.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BULBOUS GLANDS OF ROCKWEED.



The sun burns bright on field and stream,
In pastures cool the cattle graze,
By shaded brook we drowse and dream:
For these are dim vacation days.

It seems almost too bad to ask League members to give any part of their playtime, and especially the hazy, lazy playtime of August, to writing and drawing and puzzle-making for the League. August is such a good month in which to do nothing at all. It is so hard, for instance, after a day's boating on the lake, a day's fishing in the stream, or an afternoon of swimming in the surf, to sit down and make, or work out, a puzzle, or even to sketch; while as for writing a story or a poem, unless a genuine inspiration happens to come along, the very thought is likely to sadden at least one of our sweet vacation days.

And yet magazines must be printed and edited, and the League department must be filled, "whether school keeps or not." And looking back through the years that have passed since the League began, we find that, worktime or playtime, our members always have been faithful, and even in drowsy August have given us of their best. Perhaps, after all, a little work breaks the monotony, and becomes really a recreation instead of a duty when the days of school are far enough behind to be forgotten and far enough ahead not to disturb our dreams.

Considering the season when this month's contributions were prepared, they are remarkably good. When the last days of school are coming and examinations are at hand, the editor does not expect the best things. Yet our August prize contributions are well up to the standard, and if we received fewer contributions of the highest order, there were, at least, a goodly number "worthy of encouragement." Vacation-time will be the proper season for wild-animal photographs, and a good wild-animal or bird photograph is far more likely to be a prize-winner than any other sort of contribution.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 44.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Ellen Dunwoody** (age 16), 1522 31st St., Georgetown, D. C., and **Neill C. Wilson** (age 13), 1415 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Silver badges, **Lottie Chalmers** (age 11), 332 E. 88th St., New York City, **Julia Doyle Walker** (age 16), Dyersburg, Tenn., and **Elsa Clark** (age 8), 24 St. Mary's St., Southampton, England.

Prose. Gold badges, **Flora H. Boggs** (age 15), 460 Broadway, Saratoga, N. Y., and **Tula Latzke** (age 17), 2 Rue St. Louis, Montpellier, France.

Silver badges, **Grace Leadingham** (age 13), P. O. Box 638, Honolulu, H. I., and **Elizabeth F. Alsop** (age 14), The Osborne, 57th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Helen Gynnell Rogers** (age 17), Baird, Shasta Co., Cal., and **W. B. Physioc** (age 13), McDonogh, Md.

Silver badges, **Florence Mason** (age 13), 92 South St., Bristol, Conn., and **Bessie Stockton** (age 14), 169 Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

Photography. Gold badges, **Ruth Helen Brierley** (age 14), "Briar Cottage," 316 Main St., Easthampton, Mass., and **Catherine Delano** (age 13), 1844 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Fred Graf** (age 12), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Donald F. Cranor** (age 13), Conshohocken, Pa.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Partridge," by **Karl M. Mann** (age 14), 124 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Second prize, "Squirrel," by **Edward Howard Townsend II** (age 13), 318 W. 75th St., New York City. Third prize, "Lizards," by **P. A. Burton** (age 15), Highfield, Leicester, Gainsborough, England.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Amelia S. Ferguson** (age 16), San Angelo, Tex., and **Grace Hawthorne Bliss** (age 16), 3281 Briggs Ave., Alameda, Cal.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY HELEN GYNNELL ROGERS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Douglas Trowbridge** (age 14), 58 Valentine St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Ruth Bartlett** (age 9), Hampton Falls, N. H.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **George T. Colman** (age 15), 198 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badge, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

LISTEN! 't is the melody of old and olden music,
Chiming with the sweetness of the bells of Monterey;

Can it be the booming of the waves upon the ocean,
Or is it just the stillness in the twilight of the day?

Once it was the chiming of the bells
whose distant murmur
Broke upon the stillness of some old,
forgotten lore,
When the evening sun had faded and had
dropped into the ocean;
But on the coast of Monterey the bells
are heard no more.

Will we outlive the memories of the mission's faded glory
When time completes its ravages and the
crumbling walls decay?

The fathers have departed, and their work
has been completed—
But the breakers still are booming on
the coast of Monterey.

OUR ATTIC.

BY FLORA H. BOGGS (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

In the tiptop of a house is the place for everything, but nothing is ever to be found in its place.

Most people call this room the attic, but we have named it "Our Den." The roof has four gabled windows, one for each of the cardinal points of the compass. From them we can see the old mill, and a little white church with its square-towered belfry, in the background of which there is a pine wood.

To the west the mountains rise, purple and blue in the summer, but so white and cloudblike in the winter, one can scarcely tell where the earth and sky meet. "We" are four girls.

Jo, who should have been a boy, has the north window.

On the shelves of her cabinet there are marbles and tops, a jack-knife and whistle; in the corner a box of angleworms and a fishing-rod.

Her books tell the same story—"By Camp and Fireside," "Treasure Island," and "Tales of West Point." By the low window, on rainy days, you can usually find Jo with a book in her lap and a torn dress.

The south window Grace owns. She likes to sew, and here we find dolls and their wardrobes, and sometimes Jo: for torn dresses must be mended, and Jo goes to Grace when in trouble.

Over the little sewing-table are her canary-birds, "Cherry" and "Robin," and on the window-seat Miss Alcott's books and fairy-stories.

May's east window is bright with flags and pictures of the Puritan maidens, Captain Miles Standish, and famous colonial statesmen. May is nothing if not patriotic, from the tips of her dainty slippers to the top of the quaint old bonnet our great-grandmother wore and May wears when in her den.

I have the west window, and my dear ST. NICHOLAS, music, and writing material. I like everything, but most of all horses and dogs. Here on my book-rack are "Black Beauty," "Rab and his Friends," "A Dog of Flanders," and "Bell of Atri." They are all dear to me, for where could I find friends so changeless as my books? Thus through the long year the laughter of the girls, the song of the canaries, or the music of an Æolian harp in the west window tells of the constant joyous life in the quaint old attic.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY W. B. PHYSIC, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN the long, hot day is over,
And the harvest moon hangs low,
When the night is full of fragrance,
And the summer breezes blow,

In the track of golden glory,
Crossing o'er the restless sea,
Gleams a sail of wondrous texture,
Moving silently toward me.

And adown that glorious pathway,
From the land where hopes begin,
Comes a vessel proudly sailing,
And I dream "my ship 's come in."

THE GARRET AT SCHÖNBRUNN.

BY TULA LATZKE (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

FRANTZ, Duke of Reichstadt, was ten years old. He was a beautiful child; heavy golden curls clustered around his lovely, sad, but childish face.

One day he was roaming listlessly about the park, paying no attention to the military salutes of the stiff sentinels. He wandered carelessly from his usual playing-grounds, and came to a side of the palace of Schönbrunn unknown to him.

A door was open. The child duke looked in curiously, and seeing no one in the deserted hallway, he ventured in.

He ascended the stairs and came to a landing; a heavy, unpainted door stood open.

The imperial child entered into the immense garret of the palace. A small place was partitioned off as a work-room. Hung up carefully against the wall were two or three uniforms with rusty gold braid; in a heap in the corner a lot of papers with pictures of soldiers in flaring colors; here and there on the wall a rusty weapon.

The little duke examined curiously these things, which were new to him. He entered farther into the room, where a strange sight met his eyes.

On a little table were pots of different-colored paints, pieces of wood, knives, and a pot of glue—in fact, a regular wood-carver's outfit. A tall old man was sitting before the table and delicately painting in a beautiful red the cap of an infantry soldier.

The child recognized him to be one of the gardeners. The workman and the child were watching so intently the progress made on the little soldier's clothes that they took no notice of each other.

But a deep sigh heaved by the child caused the man to look up. To his surprise, he saw the little Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, in the garret of Schönbrunn.

Instantly he rose and gave the astonished child a military salute, and said in a respectful tone, "What is your Majesty doing up here?"

"Watching you paint soldiers," replied the young duke, as he took up a soldier and looked at it closely.

Tears mounted to the old man's eyes while he said: "I am making these soldiers for your Majesty. They are images of the soldiers of your great father's regiments. I served as a grenadier in his body-guard. Once, when I was wounded, the emperor came and visited me and gave me this."

As he finished talking he showed the child gazing on him with wide-open eyes a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"Oh, I have one also!" the child said, "but it is put away where I cannot touch it!"

"As these toys will be," muttered the old soldier.

"Oh, no! I will hide them in the park and only play with them there," laughed the young duke.

"You shall have more when these are gone," replied the ex-grenadier, as he led Napoleon's little son fondly but deferentially out of the garret.



"MAYTIME." BY RUTH HELEN BRIERLEY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

THE wavelets play upon the shore,
And little foamy fountains frisk,
Because to-day the breeze is brisk.
They say "I wish," and o'er and o'er.

But what they wish they never say;
It cannot always be the same.
Sometimes they play a cruel game,
And drown the sailors in the bay.
Now do they wish it was not so?
And are they sobbing for the wrong?
And is there sorrow in their song?
The plaintive music is so low.

Perhaps they wish that baby feet
Would come and tread them swiftly down;
That laughing children from the town
The merry little waves would greet.

Perhaps they wish the sun would go
Right over to the fiery west,
And paint upon their waiting breast
A picture of his afterglow.

It may be that they wish for night,
When down into the water clear
The moon and stars all peaceful peer
To see the image of their light.

PAUL DU CHAILLU IN AN ATTIC.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH F. ALSOP (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

"DID you say Paul du Chaillu was coming to-day?" asked a small child.

"Yes."

"Why was he asked to the meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"Because we thought it would be nice to have him."

Silence for a while, then:

"That train stopped, did n't it, aunty? Yes; there come some people. What a shame it is raining! All our pretty tables have to be inside. I wonder when Du Chaillu will come?"

The guest of honor arrived just then, and after spending some time with the grown-ups he went to his hostess and asked if he could not have the children somewhere alone.

"Why, yes; you might go to the barn"; then turning and seeing that it was pouring, she said, laughing:

"No, I am afraid that won't do; but you could go to the attic."

"The attic, by all means," cried M. du Chaillu.

So they all ran upstairs to the big, old-fashioned attic, full of dark, mysterious shadows, enticing the braver spirits to exploration and sending the timid ones over by the low half-moon-shaped window made of tiny panes of glass.

They sat down on trunks, old chairs, or anything that came handy, and settled themselves for stories.

The first thing he told them was to call him "Friend Paul," and then he told them stories — such interesting stories about the countries he had visited, the customs of the people, their dress, their language, their manner of treating strangers, and their different ways of traveling.

He taught the boys some war-dances, while the girls looked on delighted.

When at last they went downstairs the children were simply devoted to him and felt as if they owned him, and meant it indeed when they called him "Friend Paul."



"MAYTIME." BY CATHERINE DELANO, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY JULIA DOYLE WALKER (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day as I sat at my window

A vision came to me,

Called up by my heart's deep longing—

A day-dream of the sea.

For those who have heard it calling

May wander for many years,

And wander far, but its mighty voice

Sounds ever in their ears.

So it seemed, as I sat there dreaming,

That the restless, sun-kissed sea

And the countless, foam-capped breakers

Were beckoning to me.

And the sails against the sky-line

Showed white as drifted snow,

Or, distant, gleamed like priceless pearls

On the sapphire sea below.

From the white and level stretches

Of the sandy, shell-strewn shore

I stooped to take a pebble,

And lo! my dream was o'er.

The sea changed to a wheat-field

That rippled in the breeze,

And the murmur of the breakers

To the whispering of the trees.



"MAYTIME." BY FRED GRAF, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

NOTICE.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership and badge, free.



"PARTRIDGE." BY KARL M. MANN, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY LOTTIE CHALMERS (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

As I sat 'neath the pines and
rested,
A thought stole over me;
And I floated away to dreamland,
To the edge of the fairy sea.

The moon shone over the water,
And her sparkling rays touched
me;
The silver wavelets rippled
To the edge of the fairy sea.

I stood on the shore in the moon-
light
And watched that crystal sea;
The little waves were singing
A fairy song to me.

The wind blew over me gently,
And I woke to find the sea
Changed to a bough of hemlock,
Singing its song to me.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC.

BY GRACE LEADINGHAM (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

My grandmother's attic is the best place in the world
to play in, even if the floor and sloping ceiling are
brown with age and the windows covered with dust.

Everything here has a story, and the old blue chest
in the corner has the most wonderful story of all.
For long ago, when the Indians lived in this part of the
country (and very wild Red Indians they were), my
great-grandfather was hidden in the chest.

He was only a little, little baby then, but the story
was told to him when he grew older.

It was one Sunday morning in the spring.

Every one had gone to "meeting" except great-

grandfather and his sister Charity, who stayed at home.
She stepped to the window for a moment, when she
caught sight of dusky forms gliding from tree to tree.
Nearer and nearer they came. What should she do?
If she left the baby she could slip out the back way
and run to the church for help. But she could not
leave the child, for fear the savages might steal him;
if she took him, she could not make any speed.

She glanced around the room, and her eye rested on
the chest. She could put him in there. But he might
smother! No; the second drawer had a large knot-
hole, and air would come through that. In a moment
she had wrapped the sleeping baby in a blanket and
laid him gently in the wide, deep drawer. Then she
sped across the fields like a flash.

The men came from church in time to save the vil-
lage. The baby grew up and told this story to my
grandmother, who tells it to me.

Down under the pines Aunt Charity has lain for
eighty years. But when we think of her she is never
a lady in the twilight of her life: she is always smiling
and fresh, as she is in her picture in the hall. Her
hair is never white and her face is never faded, for in
our thoughts she has perpetual youth.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MARJORIE CLEVELAND
(AGE 10).

The mermaids were playing
Far down in the sea,
And I was among them.
Strange sights did I see.

A queer little sea-nymph
Came, led me away,
For fear in the ocean
So deep I might stray.

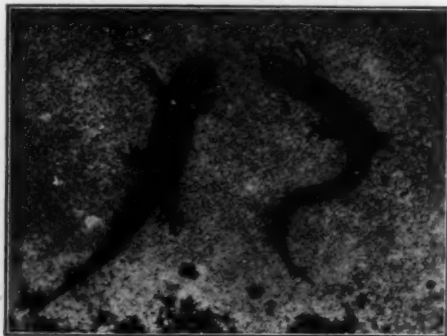
The large coral arches
Were looming on high,
With lovely sea flowers,
Some blue as the sky,

Some yellow, some purple,
Some red, and some white,
All twisting about them
And looking so bright.

But then I awakened
In my trundle-bed,
With only the ceiling,
Alas! o'er my head.



"SQUIRREL." BY EDWARD HOWARD TOWN-
SEND II, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-
ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"LIZARDS." BY F. A. BURTON, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"MAYTIME." BY GERTRUDE HOWLAND, AGE 10.

THE FARM-HOUSE ATTIC.

BY MILTON CROUCH (AGE 15).

THREE summers ago I determined to take my vacation in search of certain rare stamps that I had long wished for for my collection. Stamp-collecting has always been my pet hobby. I started out with a friend for a visit to an old town in the eastern part of Massachusetts.

We arrived there at six o'clock on a Tuesday night, and were driven to the farm-house of a Mr. Kline. Immediately after supper we started in with our host for a search of the old trunks that were lying covered with dust in the attic.

We went through everything that we saw, but found nothing but a lot of the more common stamps that were of no use to us.

We had no luck for over a week. During that time we visited house after house, but found nothing of much value.

Thursday of the following week we went to the small drug-store, run by a little red-haired old man. He

told us that he thought he had a few old stamps in his attic, and that these were on bottles that had been discarded from the store. It began to look as if our luck had turned. We went with the proprietor to the little dust-covered attic in his home, and began to search for stamps.

We were careful to see that no stamp of value escaped us. I had gone through all the trunks, and at last went over to a small chest which stood in the corner.

We found more of value in this than in anything we had yet found. On a small bottle in the lower corner of the chest was the very stamp we had looked for. Our friend refused any pay for it, and we went away with the much-coveted stamp.

This stamp, the six-cent orange proprietary, is my most treasured possession. I will never forget the long hunt my friend and I had before we found it.



"MAYTIME." BY T. BEACH PLATT, AGE 16.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY LOUISE S. MILLER (AGE 14).

The sun is gently sinking in the west,
And as it sinks it turns the sea to gold.
The little birds are settling in their nest,
The air, at close of day, is growing cold.

And as each ripple, with its nightcap white,
Rolls gently toward the beach and back once more,
It seems to whisper drowsily, "Good night,"
And bring you visions of the farther shore.

The sinking sun turns all to red and gold,
The little clouds are sailing in the sky;
And out beyond the lighthouse, firm and bold,
A ship goes sailing by.

'T is moonlight now, and in the gloom it throws
A soft, pale path upon the sighing deep;
The lighthouse, too, its warning lantern shows;

The little waves are murmuring in their sleep.



"MAYTIME." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY FLORENCE MASON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A SNAKE IN THE ATTIC.

BY T. L. BAYNE, JR.
(AGE 11).

OUR home is in the mountains of East Tennessee. The house stands on a high hill in the midst of a cedar grove. There are also large walnut, chestnut, and hickory-nut trees, which give us boys lots of fun in the fall. It is very pretty, but sometimes we have queer visitors. Once, while we were away from home, a black-snake took up his abode in our attic. He must have known it was a good place for rats; he caught many rats and mice and ate them. One day my father saw him with a mouse in his mouth; at night we could hear him moving around and catching them. My mother did not like this kind of rat-trap; so she asked father to kill him, which he did.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

THE breakers rolled upon the beach
To meet the drifting sand;
The light winds blew, and August suns
Beat down on every hand.

Upon the water, calm and green,
A tiny vessel flew;
Was it a bark of fairy queen,
With sails of golden hue?

No pennant from its masthead flew;
Its mast was somber brown;
A leaf it was of yellow hue
That with the waves came down.



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 15.

THE GARRET I HAVE KNOWN.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBI AYMAR
(AGE 15), VALENCIA, SPAIN.

THE garret I have known is quite different from those I read of in stories. Far from looking upon it as a delightful recess in which to examine quaint relics of days gone by, I cannot think of it without recalling the awe it inspired in me when, at the age of four, I would hear my elder brothers tell each other of the blood-curdling sounds which came from the garret or of the bones strewn about on its floor. I was never allowed to enter the attic, as, unless you walked on the beams which (set apart at distances of about a foot) formed the flooring, you were in imminent danger of falling through the plaster into the apartment beneath. At any rate, I never felt the adventurous desire of entering the gloomy dwelling of my imaginary monster, and if I ever heard a scampering overhead I hurried away.

For the benefit of any reader who may be curious to know the cause of the mysterious sounds in the deserted room or how bones came to be strewn on its floor, I add the following saying of the people of my town:

"The house 'en Sibi' will lose its luck the day that the owl which roosts in the attic is chased away."



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY M. S. WYETH, AGE 14.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MABEL HOWE (AGE 9).

WHEN the soft blue waves are still,
And the moon is shining bright,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

When the katydids have begun to
sing,
And the flowers have closed up
tight,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

When the birds have stopped their
twitter
And the butterflies taken their flight,
Then is the time I would like to be
Out on the sea at night.

WHAT HAPPENED IN OUR
GARRET.

(A True Story.)

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR (AGE 13).

I AM going to tell you something
very interesting that happened in our
garret.

Not long ago queer noises were
heard every night, and after they had continued for a
while the maids began to think they were ghosts. But
though we know there are no such things, it was an
unpleasant feeling to have nevertheless.

As the noises still continued, we thought it might be
rats, and so it was decided to set a trap and find out.

About midnight a noise was heard, as if some one
was caught and was struggling to get free. But in the
morning, when search was
made, what was our sur-
prise to see, not a rat, as
we had expected, but a
beautiful little flying-squir-
rel lying dead, with its
head caught in the trap.

It was a beautiful little
thing indeed. Its fur was
soft and gray, and looked
very much like chinchilla.
Its little body had hardly
any bones in it, and the
few that it had enabled it
to lie almost as a mat on
the floor.

The mystery of the
noises had been solved, and
though we heard them that
night and the next, as if
the mother was searching
for her lost baby, the nights
after that were perfectly
quiet.

We were very sorry
about what had happened,
but as it was all a mistake,
and we did not know what
the noises were, I tell you
this story, because if you
ever hear strange noises in
your garret, as if men
were walking around, you



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 14.

need not be afraid, because it may be some little flying-
squirrels come in from the cold to the shelter.

LOST IN THE ATTIC.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 8).

MARGERY was nowhere to be found. Only a few
minutes before she had been playing under the lilac-
bushes with her doll. She had been told not to go out

of the garden, and being a
very obedient little girl,
her disappearance caused
surprise and some alarm.
After looking in every
room, grandma opened the
attic door. There was no-
thing to be seen but Mar-
gery's baby-carriage and
the line of trunks and boxes
at the other end. Mama
looked first in the jam-
closet. Then she peeped
into the laundry, thinking
to see the little doll-mother
there, washing tiny clothes.
At last, feeling sure that
Margery was not in the
house, mother and Annie
made a tour among the
neighbors, but returned
with anxious faces and no
little girl. Mother had just
stepped to the telephone to
call the police department,
when a little footstep was
heard on the stairs, and
Margery appeared, hug-
ging her dolly, and all rosy
from her nap behind the
big trunks at the end of the
attic, where grandma had
never thought of looking.



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOSEPH E. MAZAUNO, AGE 15.



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY BESSIE STOCKTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY GLADYS KNIGHT (AGE 16).

THE moonlight danced on the waters blue, and the
great round shining face
Of the golden moon smiled merrily upon the desolate
place;
And the deep-blue sky bejeweled was with myriad
worlds above,
And the planet of war in the east shone bright, in the
west the planet of love.

On the shores of the murmuring, rolling sea, in the
light of the kindly moon,
I dreamed a dream of another
world, from which I awoke
too soon.

I thought that the voice of
the deep dark sea was
calling for me to come
And rest in its depths and live
for aye in the fairy mer-
maids' home.

I saw the wonderful, fair sea-
folk with their tresses of
shining hue,
Which shone and sparkled like
strands of gold in the dark
of the water's blue;
And they beckoned for me to
go with them and sport
in the great blue sea,
And they sang of the joys of
their ocean home as they
stretched out their arms
to me.

And I followed them down to
the sea-god's realm, in the
depths of the dark blue sea,
And everything there seemed
so wonderful and so beau-
tiful to me.



"MAYTIME." BY DONALD F. CRANOR, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Alas! soon the vision van-
ished from before my
enchanted sight,
And faded away as the light
of day fades into the
dark of night.

The moon shone high in the
starlit sky and the
planet of love was gone;
The vision had vanished for
ever and aye, and left
me there with the sea
and sky
To think and to dream alone.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY MABEL FLETCHER
(AGE 16).

(A Former Prize-Winner.)

A LONE lighthouse with a
fiery eye,
And the wave-lash on the
shore,

From the storm and dark a sea-gull's cry,
And the green-frothed breaker's roar—
Child of the inland though I be,
I have my dream of the wonderful sea.

A dim white crag in the dimmer west,
And the lightning in the sky,
The wild, wild fear in the sailor's breast,
As the great white ship shoots by—
Child of the inland though I be,
This is my dream of the wonderful sea.

THE STORY IN THE ATTIC.

BY ADA H. CASE (AGE 16).

THE club was holding one of
its regular weekly meetings in
the old attic, and when the
strictly business part was over
they decided to tell stories, as
it was very hot, instead of
romping.

"You begin, Antoinette,"
said the president.

Little Antoinette clasped her
hands about her knees.

"Let me fink," she said;
and then, "Oh, yes, I know!
I'm going to tell you a very
'riginal story, 'bout why dogs
wag their tails!"

Applause, and then an at-
tentive silence as the story
began.

"Once upon a time, long,
long ago, there lived in a sort
of hut Old Witch and Brown
Dog. Now these two were
very fond of each other, so
Brown Dog felt very badly
indeed when Old Witch be-
came so very sullen one day

that she would not even pat him. When he found that she would n't be cheered up, he went outside a sort of curtain, and, backing up against it, sat down to fink.

"Before long Brown Dog began to wiggle his whole body back and forth, just as he had seen Old Witch do when she worked charms. The next minute Old Witch began to laugh. Brown Dog stopped still and thought to himself, 'What could have made Old Witch laugh?' Soon he was wiggling to and fro again, finking harder than ever. Old Witch laughed again. Brown Dog stopped—Old Witch stopped. Suddenly an idea struck Brown Dog. He looked around, and, sure enough, his tail was not there: it was on the other side of the curtain, and Old Witch had laughed to see it moving back and forth. Then Brown Dog began to wag his tail alone, and the feeling pleased him very much, because it made ticklish things run up his bones and out of the ends of his hairs. When he got his tail real waggy he ran in to Old Witch, and was so glad that he had cheered her up that he kept his tail wagging the whole day. Even to the end of his life, he wagged his tail whenever he was pleased at something.

"Now you know that Brown Dog was the great-great-grandparent of all dogs, so that 'Fido,' 'Rover,' and all the rest of 'em wag their tails whenever they feel good till this day."

A whistle was heard. The president rushed away, shouting, "Papa!" then called back over her shoulder, "Meeting's adjourned."



Illustrated Poem.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 15).
(A Former Prize-Winner.)

The meadow-daisies were drooping down,
The meadow-lark lurked in the dying grass.
A tiny breeze once seemed to pass
Across the wheat-field's yellowing brown.

Along the fence, in a dismal row,
The fading poplars shivering stood;

Low on the rocks beside the wood
The ivy parched in the hot sun's glow.

And I remembered another lark

That out across the waves had flown,
And then flown back, as I sat alone,
Watching the light on the waters dark.

No more from home, the meadows o'er,
The white ship's sails shall rise and fall;
No more the white-winged sea-gull's call
Shall mingle with the ocean's roar.

Hard earth and stern, unyielding rock
Must take the place of sand and pine;
And ne'er on this horizon line
Shall sea-cliff martins rise and flock.

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"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

BY HARVEY DESCHERE (AGE 14).

THE sun is high in the soft blue sky,
And wavelets simmer upon the beach;
The dune-weed's rustle and fieldfare's bustle
Are all of nature's audible speech.

The air is fragrant with flowers from land,
And mingles with balm on either hand,
While I in the midst of it all recline,
A-list'ning to tales of the salt sea-brine.

The sun shines high in the soft blue sky,
And wavelets simmer and break in foam,
And scurry around, then down with a bound
They carry me into their coral home.

The polyps tarry and rest for a while,
And dogfish come with their constant smile,
While I in the midst of it all recline,
And rest in the grasp of the salt sea-brine.

The sun is low in the sea below,
And wavelets simmer far over me;
And I wake from sleep by the briny deep,
And find it, alas! but a dream of the sea.

Lost or destroyed League badges will be replaced, free. This does not mean prize badges.



"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HELEN RUSSELL, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Conrad P. Aiken
Katherine E. Maloon
Alice Mary Ogden
Mabel B. Ellis
W. N. Coupland
Roswell Thornton Pearl
Helen A. Scribner
Helen Stetson Jewell
Marguerite Stuart
Mabel C. Stark
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Wynonah Breatzale
Ensa Alton Zeller
Marguerite Aspinwall
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Miriam A. De Ford
Helen Chandler Willis
Fay Marie Hartley
Elizabeth Lee

Julia Ford Fieberger
Grace Paxson
Grace Lavinia Barber
Ethelwyn Harris
Edith McLaughlin
H. Mabel Sawyer
Mary Blossom Bloss
Adelaide Lucile Flagler
Marguerite Jacque
Michael Heidelberger
Minnie Bouteille
Herbert Martini
Lolah Jenks
Katherine Maxwell

DRAWINGS 1.

Mildred Curran-Smith
M. Frances Keelie
Mabel Whitehead
Leander James McCormick
Melville Coleman Levey
Florence Murdoch
Richard M. Hunt
Dorothy Hardy Richardson
Ruth Felt

Margaret Wynn Yancey
Mary Hazeline Fewsmith
Florence Wilkinson
Enid Allen
Beverley Lambe
Eleanor Hinton
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Harriet Newell Donaldson
Dorothy Burton Heward
Letty S. McDonald
Edith Emerson
Louise Oudin
Elizabeth Chapin
Edana Burgess
Cecil Crowe
Margaret Peckham
Elizabeth Osborne
Grace Lakin
Marion Osgood Chapin
Mary P. Damon
Barbara Vandegrift
Helen Lombard Scobey
Gertrude Russell
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Ralph I. Balcom
Alice Porter Miller
Dorothy F. Howry
Evelyn M. Clare
Helen M. Brown
Dorothy Gilbert
Margaret Parkhurst
Stevens
Guinevere H. Norwood

Jane A. Walter
Robert V. Hayne
Eugene White, Jr.
Florence R. T. Smith
Patty Phillips
Dorothy G. Thayer
George Schobinger
C. B. Andrews
George D. Robinson
Henry Ormsby Phillips
John L. Hopper
Ruth Londoner
Jane Barker Wheeler
Charles Stevens Crouse
Emma C. Hickman
Charlotte L. Tuttle
Hardenia R. Fletcher
Morgan Hebard
Samuel D. Robbins
Lillie Reynolds
Albert E. Stockin
Tracy S. Voorhees
Thomas G. Sanworth
Thad R. Goldsberry
Paul H. Frausnitz

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Donald Cole
Chester N. Crosby
Esher Parker
Jeannette Van Cleef
Irla Zimmerman

Abram Nicholls Jones
Jeanette E. Perkins
Isabel Hinton
Priscilla G. Goodwyn, Jr.
Lucile Ramona Byrne
Allene Gregory
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Dorothy Eyre Robinson
Annie Laurie McBirney
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Marie V. Scanlan
Elizabeth Heath Rice
Eveline A. Thomson
Kenneth Sinclair Furdie
Marjorie Heath Baile
Helen F. Barham

PROSE 2.

Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Sadie E. Rust
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Rita Wanning
Mary R. Hutchinson
Mary How Pope
Ethel May Price
Marjorie Judy
Lawrence Grey Evans
Mary McGuin
Donald McNeale
Marguerite M. Cree
Ann Drew
Margaret Minaker
Helen Madeline Hogg
Clara Stinson
Elinor L. Franklin
Mabel M. Harrington
Ruth McNamee
Mary Alice Allen
Marion S. Almy
Charlotte Katharine Gannett
Waller Lewis
Jessie Ricard
Bertha Porter
Frederick D. Seward
Mary Yeula Westcott
Dorothy Felt
Helen W. Kennedy
Ethel Steinbiller
Joe McCune
Alice Bacon Barnes
Hilda Mengel
Ruby Eimer
Marjorie Macy
Esther Hills
Harold L. Burrows
Ethel Berrian

Dorothy Flint
H. S. Andrews
Mary L. Thornton
Nell Kerr
Mary Alice Shaw
Mary Bayne
Sidney Levinson
Gertrude V. Trompette
Dolores de Arosarena
Helen Hunter
Joseph Rosenstein
Robert Hanson
Helen Froelich
Ruth Bamberger
Ray Randall
Miriam Abbot
Florence Hanawalt
Mary Cromer
Dorothy McKee
Lela H. Dunkin
Margaret M. Sherwood
Madeline Bunzi
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Hilda M. Ryan
Alice Darrow
Natalie Hallock
Margaret Gordon
Carolyn Bulley
Dorothy Brooks
E. Adelaide Hahn
Edith Minaker
John Martin
Ruth E. Cornell



"HEADING
FOR AUGUST."

BY NELLY NYCE,
AGE 17.

Nannie C. Barr
Elizabeth Cocke
Martha Bradford
Olive D. Thatcher
Pauline Croll
Millie Hess

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Emma Swezey
Senereta Robinson
Sue Dorothy Keeney
Gertrude Fols
Enily Rose Burt
Edith M. Clark
Lula M. Larrabee
Frances A. Angevine
Aristine Field
Charlotte E. Hudnut
E. Margaret Brown
Enily Barber
"Sirius"
Heta Lee Gilmer
N. Mae Suter
Elie F. Weil
Annie Sabra Ramsey
Katherine Smellie
Edward L. Goodwin
Katherine E. Butler
Mary Alison Janeway
Mae Bossert
Charles D. Budd, Jr.
Mary C. Tucker
Thornton Avery
Elizabeth Toof
Blanche H. Leeming

Magdalene Barry
Margery Bradshaw
Margaret McKeon
Ethel Messervy
Katherine Barbour
William Stanley Dell
Pearl Stockton

DRAWINGS 2.

Mildred C. Jones
Edith G. Clarkson
Jean Herbert
Gladys Young
Elizabeth Otis
Phoebe Wilkinson
Alice Josephine Goss
Dorothy Richardson
Ernest J. Clare
Margaret Wright
Dorothea Clapp
Sally W. Palmer
Henry Seligman
Walter Swindell Davis
Hazel Chadwick
Sarah McDavitt
Allen P. Salmon
Cordner H. Smith
Katharine Forbes Liddell
Philip Micon
Edith G. Daggett
Mark Curtis Kinney
Beatrice Andrews

William Davis Gordon
Helen Huntington
Chrissie Niven
Helen Wilson
Dorothy Crawford
Harry Tedlie
Sadie Stabern
Mary Argall Arthur
Lisbeth Harlan
Charlotte Stark
Horace Barnard Earle
Katharine Thompson
Margaret B. Dornin
Marjory Chase
David B. Campbell
Elfreda Noble
Sarah Yale Carey
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Elizabeth Peasall Dallas
Rose T. Briggs
Winifred Hutchings
Ned Goodell
Jack Newsom
William M. Bayne
Philip Souers
Lawrence B. Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

W. Caldwell Webb
Philip H. Bunker
Gertrude W. Smith
Joseph Rogers Swindell

Jacob Minarsky
Dorothy Bourne
Arthur M. McClure
Jean Boyle
Cameron Squires
Alice L. Cousins
Joe Chase
Abbott L. Norris
Dudley Clapp
W. F. Harold Braun
Joseph S. Webb
Ruth Stowell
Marguerite Graham
Mildred Eastey
Allen Frank Brewer
Rosalie Day
Beatrice Howson
Cora Edith Weliman
Wallace Dunn
Gordon B. Fisher
Mary P. Jacob
Harold Egan
Arthur Drummond
Curtis Tuttle

PROSE 1.

Ona Ringwood
Harriet Jackson
Mildred S. Huntington
Phyllis Dunboyne de Kay
Eleanor C. Hamill
Estelle E. Barnes

PUZZLES 1.

Minton M. Warren
Margaret Stevens
William Ellis Keyser
Rosalie B. Hayden
Marguerite E. Stephens
Frances Coon Dudley
Margaret Abbott
James Brewster
Florence Hoyte
Helen Searight
Mary Dorothy Musser
Walter L. Barton
Rosalie A. Sampson
Jennie Fairman

Helen L. Stevens

PUZZLES 2.

Conway D. Helman
Katherine Kurz
Annie C. Smith
Abraham Gross
Morrison N. Stiles
Gerald Kaufman
Ella L. Haer
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Edward Gay
Elsie W. Dignor
Fanny Gardner Selden
Gerald Pyle
Grace St. J. Magee
Kathleen Haig

Helen L. Stevens

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 66a. "Neetasta." Rosalie Day, President; Fanny Selden, Secretary; four members. Address, 271 Main St., Catskill, N. Y.
No. 66b. Robert Hanson, President; three members. Address, 4534 Colfax Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.
No. 66c. "Three Hayseeds." Jean Boyle, President; Hazel Surtzer, Secretary; three members. Address, Richmond Hill, Ontario, Canada.
No. 66d. "We Ten." Isador Douglas, President; Florence R. Smith, Secretary; ten members. Address, 6 Elm St., Newton, N. J.
No. 66e. "Little Women." Dorothy Potter, President; Elsie Weil, Secretary; five members. Address, 4595 Oakwald Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 47.

LETTERS.

DENVER, COLO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At last, after almost six years of traveling, I have settled down for a year at least in Denver, and am able to take you regularly, as I did when I was a little girl. Around my room, too, are ranged sixteen volumes of St. Nick, representing the first eight years of my life. Since then I have taken you whenever I have had a chance, as often we were out of the range of even St. Nick. Only last year I discovered and joined your League, and since then have only sent in two contributions, both of which I was glad to find on the roll of honor.

As this is the last year of my membership I intend to make "strenuous" efforts to depart with flying colors, and intend to contribute every month, although I will not again be guilty of a long letter.

Dear old St. Nick, you seem just like a real friend, and since I was a tot it has been my ambition to enter the ranks of your writers. When I was only nine or ten I sent a "contribution" to you, and it was returned with such a sweet letter. I declared then that I would never give up till I succeeded. I wonder if there is any hope?

Your loving reader,

S. F. PRESTON.

DURANTWALD, NOTTINGHAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They say that misfortunes never come singly, and so it is with good luck. Here I have been sending drawings and poems to you for a whole year, and have never had the happiness to see my name among the prize-winners, and now not only has Pearlina awarded me five dollars for a drawing sent to its competition, but also you have sent me a silver badge. It is very pretty, and I thank you so much for it. But more still I thank you for all the practice you have given me in making my contributions. Looking back over the past year, I can see that I have improved ever so much, and I know that it is largely you to whom I must be grateful.

When I am grown up, if I am ever able to do anything that's worth while, I'll say, "I began in St. Nicholas."

Gratefully,

MARIE MARGARET KIRKEWOOD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always look at the League first of all when I get my St. Nicholas. It is the nicest organization I ever knew of. I have been a member for almost three years, and I don't believe that I could get along without it.

Your interested reader and League member,

LAURA S. DOW.

OLIVET, MICH.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE LEAGUE: With this number of the St. NICHOLAS my right to contribute will cease, and before the gates swing quite shut I want to thank you for all the League has meant to me, for the gold badge which I prize so highly, for all the encouragement which I have received. I shall still watch the League work with great interest.

Would n't it be a pleasant thing for some of us who are approaching eighteen to keep in touch with each other by correspondence after our League work is finished? I should like a few correspondents, especially from some foreign country, and would be willing at least to attempt to write in French or German.

Let me thank you again, and wish long life and prosperity to the League.

Very sincerely your friend,

MABEL BROWN ELLIS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Florence Charlotte Reid, Sarah Hammond, Grace B. Shanks, Philip Stark Vera Charlton, Maud Dudley Shackelford, Frances Forman, Edith Emerson, Clarence Macy, Marie Blucher, Minnie Florence Cook, Minnie Belle Walker, Homer C. Miller, Mildred Curran-Smith, Florence Murdoch, Willamette Partridge, Edna Wise, William Doty Maynard, Richmond Hill, Mabel C. Stark, E. Adelaide Hahn, May Lewis Close, Gerald Jackson Pyle, Atala T. Scudder, Calista Rogers, Mabel Fletcher, Dorothy F. Howry, Dorothy Kern, Marguerite Jacque, Katharine H. Wend, Olive S. Brush, Herbert Andrews, Katharine B. Emmick, Thyra M. Jeremiasen, Ruth P. Wood, Margaret Garthwaite, Robert L. Ferguson, Marta Cardenal, Eugene S. Correll, Phyllis McVickar, and Alice Carlisle.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 47 will close August 20 (for foreign members August 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "A Memory of Vacation."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Invention."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Deep Woods."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Field Sketch" and "A Heading for November."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRECTION. AMONG the prize-winners which were announced in the May ST. NICHOLAS Books and Reading the name Emma Dundon was given. The prize-winner was ROBERT E. DUNDON, the name given being that signed to the indorsement of originality. We regret the mistake, and make this correction at the first opportunity.

HARD FACTS. ARE there still enough Mr. Gradgrinds to excuse a word or two pointing out to young thinkers that there are two kinds of *facts* in the world, and that the facts especially beloved by the Gradgrinds are the less important? Let us see if there is not an illustration that will make this plain. You all know something about the great National Cemetery at Gettysburg; but any of you who may visit the field of that battle will find, either in guide-books or upon the monuments that dot the hills and valley, thousands of facts about the soldiers who died there—about their regiments, the advances, the retreats, the deaths of generals, the stations of this or that command: all excellent, useful, historical facts worthy of presentation. Then read and re-read Lincoln's great speech at the dedication of the ground. In that there are fewer "facts," merely general statements. And yet, which is the more important, the guide-books or the speech? Which, think you, has the more value to this nation? The works of poets and romancers of the highest class are full of such facts—facts eternally true, eternally useful, eternally fruitful of other facts.

You remember, perhaps, the statement that "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." This, though said by a poet, yet has received the indorsement of grave historians, who date the decline of Spain as a great world-power from the time that Don Quixote set out, in the pages of Cervantes, to tilt against windmills, and to bring discredit and cast ridicule upon the gallant spirit that had made the Spanish hidalgos masters of sea and land. Is not the romance of "Don Quixote" a fact—and one of the hardest of facts? Then there is that other well-known quotation: "Let me write the people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws." Does

this not seem to show that even a bit of verse is often a very hard fact? The world moves in the direction in which men push it, and men's minds are moved by imagination; so whatever touches the imagination may move the world.

A REFERENCE LIBRARY. WE print this letter from an Ohio librarian who kindly prepared a list of reference-books for our readers. We omit a few that seemed of less general utility.

CIRCLEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: These books, with the exception of three or four, I have had in constant use for several years, and I have selected them from our rather expensive reference-library as being the best selection for about \$50 that I can think of, representing, as they do, a great variety of subjects, and all being, as my experience shows, books to which one will wish to refer constantly. If a good encyclopædia were added to the list, I believe that any young person or ordinary reader will find this list sufficient to his needs.

Very truly yours, MAY LOWE.

REFERENCE-BOOKS FOR A SMALL LIBRARY.

A good dictionary.
Harper. Crabb's English Synonymes.
Lippincott. Brewer, E. C. Reader's Handbook.
Bartlett, J. Familiar Quotations.
Rand-McNally's Popular Atlas of the World, cl.
The "World" Almanac.
Marquis & Co. Who's Who in America.
Houghton. Adams, O. F. Brief Handbook of English Authors.
Adams, O. F. Brief Handbook of American Authors.
Lippincott. Chambers' Book of Days, 2 vols., cl.
Holt & Co. Champlin, J. D. Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things.
Dodd. Cruden's Complete Concordance.
Cassell's Biographical Dictionary.
Bartlett, W. H. Facts I Ought to Know about the Government of my Country.
Edu. Pub. Co. Popular Question Book.
Hinds. Craig. Pros and Cons.
Harper. Lossing. Cyclopædia of United States History, 2 vols.
Killikelly. Curious Questions, 2 vols.
Heath. Hodgkins. Guide to Study of Nineteenth Century Authors.

"WAIT-A-BIT."

Do you remember that there is a thorny plant in Africa which is called the "wait-a-bit"? The name will be understood by any one who attempts to hurry through a patch where this plant lies in ambush with its hooked thorns! The hasty traveler will be sure to heed the warning in the plant's name, no matter what reason he may have for hurrying by. It is a pity that there

is n't a similar plant growing along the pleasant ways of literature. The habit of lazy skipping is so easy to acquire, and so hard to abandon!

We are too likely, when young, to think that the only advantage gained from one book finished is the delightful liberty of choosing another, and when we hear certain authors praised as the greatest, we charge upon them with a velocity that defeats its own purpose. It is an old saying that the Kingdom of Heaven is not to be taken by violence; and the Kingdom of Literature is equally safe from capture by assault. You cannot read a good book by simply running your eyes along its lines. The brain must travel with the eyes, and the brain cannot do its work until it has been trained. In the lists sent to this department there are many books named which are simply out of the reach, over the heads, and beyond the depth of the brightest of you young readers. Thackeray's novels, for instance, are too deep, too wide, too high for youngsters in their teens. When you think you will read "Henry Esmond," for instance, take another thought, and remember the "wait-a-bit." You are spoiling one of your great pleasures. Because you find a book interesting, do not make up your mind that you have seen all there is in it. A little boy might witness the play "Hamlet," or see the "Winged Victory," and find pleasure in both; yet he could n't really appreciate either. There are books and to spare for every age. Do not be in a hurry. In short, "wait a bit."

PRIZE AWARDS. THE three essays selected as the best submitted in the "Storied Flower" competition are by the authors named below:

MARGUERITE BEATRICE CHILD, Oneonta, N. Y.

MABEL FLETCHER, Decatur, Ill.

ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER, Stockbridge, Mass.

Besides the prize-winners, commendation should be bestowed upon the creditable work of four other young authors:

KATHARINE MONICA BURTON, Gainsborough, England.

FRANCES CECILIA REED, Sausalito, California.

KATHERINE KURZ, Lakewood, Ohio.

MURIEL DOUGLAS, London, England.

THE JUNE COM- PETITION.

THE usual three prizes, under the usual conditions, will be awarded for the best three articles of not more than 300 words received before August 25, 1903, on: "Some Recent Books for Young People." The object is to learn what books published in the last two or three years have been enjoyed by young readers. Please do not mention those that everybody knows, but name those that should be better known. Address, Books and Reading Department, St. NICHOLAS Magazine. Tell in your essay something that will give an idea of the nature of the books, and of their merits. Two or three books will be enough to name.

A STORIED FLOWER.

MANY poets have praised the rose; many have loved the violet best; many have found most to admire in the simple field-daisy: few have written of the pansy; but when Shakspeare said, "There is pansies, that 's for thoughts," he comprehended all there is to say, for pansies are, indeed, thought-flowers.

Here 's a golden pansy — that 's for a glad, joyous thought; this white one is the pure fancy of a child; the one glowing in red-and-golden bronze might be a beautiful, rich thought of Shakspeare's; the blue blossom with ruffled edges suggests a bar of low, rippling music; this bit of velvety black brings before me the dark shadows that lie upon the hills at night; this strange pansy, with the lavender-gray edge and purple-brown markings, is a twilight thought; the one beside it, all dull blue and black, with oddly twisted petals, is a thought-portrait of sweet Grizel with her "crooked smile."

And what of the dainty purple pansies, with their hearts of gold? They are the dearest and most companionable of all, so they stand for my best and dearest friends. Each time I look at them they suggest some quaint and beautiful thought to me.

Poe calls them "the beautiful Puritan pansies," and there is truly something pure and spiritual in their beauty.

And there 's never a pansy — no matter how unworthy of notice it may seem to others — that is not dear to me; for every one is a thought-flower, with a deep and lovely meaning hidden in the fragrant petals.

Marguerite Child.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

UNION MILLS, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. Your magazine was given to me for a Christmas gift by my aunt. I like to read it very much, especially the nice letters from the boys and girls; besides, my four grown sisters also took it when they were small, which really makes it seem like an old friend come back to our home.

I live in a very beautiful country place in the western part of Maryland, near the Mason and Dixon's Line, and seventeen miles from Gettysburg.

We have beautiful green lawns and shade-trees, where robins, blackbirds, and orioles hop about all day and build their pretty nests.

My brother has a fine little Porto Rico pony. His name is "Tony," and I take long rides on him. We named him after the blue heron in the story of "Lady Jane," which papa was reading to us at the time we got him.

We have another pet, a dear little black dog which we call "Brownie," and he does some very funny things.

I remain, Your little reader,
MARIAN SHRIVER.

SALEM, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and have taken you for five years. I liked your story called "The Story of Betty." When I saw in the prize competition for photograph you wanted a picture subject "Waiting for Spring," papa said he knew a good thing. When he was down in the meadow the other day gunning for ducks, he saw a little empty bird's nest which, he said, was waiting for spring. I never got down there to take the picture, so I did not get anything in that month, but want to send something in soon. Your loving reader,

BESSIE A. HARRIS.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for about ten years, and I have taken you myself for the last three. I enjoy you very much, and thought I would like to write to you. Last year our family made a visit to California. While we were there a neighbor's dog used to stay at our house a good deal. I am going to tell you a funny thing he did.

The railroad ran directly in front of our house, and when a train came along the dog would rush at it and race along beside it. One day he thought he would "tackle" it from in front. He sat down on the track, and as the track crossed a road right there, he was right in front of a ditch that the train passed over. As the train came nearer he still sat there, until it got so close to him that he could not possibly get off; so he half dropped, half jumped down into the gutter, and the train passed over him. Every time the end of a car came he would stick up his head, probably thinking it was the end of the train. When the train got by he got out of the ditch. He got a bad fright, and never tried to fight trains again. Whenever one came by after that, he put his tail between his legs and ran for

the house. He did many other funny things I would like to tell you about.

I am a member of the League.

With best of wishes, I am your devoted reader,
LUCY M. ARNER.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This vacation I teased my father to let me experiment with housekeeping. So, as our housekeeper got married, he consented to let me try it through vacation. I find it lots of fun, but I do not know whether the other members of the family find it so much fun as I do. My only regret is that it will end so soon.

I make my papa and brother eat all the things I cook, and sometimes they find it pretty hard work.

One day my chum came over, and we decided to make a bread-pudding. When it was done it looked very inviting, and we set it away to cool until dinner-time. When dessert-time came I heaped up a large dish for papa and one for Forrest, my brother, and carried them triumphantly in. But pride had a fall. Papa tasted his, and looked rather startled. Forrest gingerly swallowed some of his, and he, too, made a face. Then I knew something was the matter, for as a rule Forrest can eat almost anything. So I went out in the kitchen and tasted it.

It turned out that my chum had put two cups of sugar and I had put one cup in it. I think we must have been so interested in what we were talking about that we did not know what we were doing. The receipt only called for one cup of sugar, and we had put three cups in it. I presume I shall never hear the last of that pudding.

In May my brother walked from Placerville to Carson City, Nevada, on a scientific expedition. He never rides if he can walk. He is much interested in ornithology, and got one bird of almost every species in Nevada. He stuffs them. He never kills more than one bird of each kind, and is very loath to do that. He got a pelican that stretches seven feet two inches from tip to tip, and a large horned owl. The owl looks very natural.

I am afraid you will get tired of my correspondence, so, with many good wishes for your prosperity, I am,
Your little reader, IRMA C. HANDFORD.

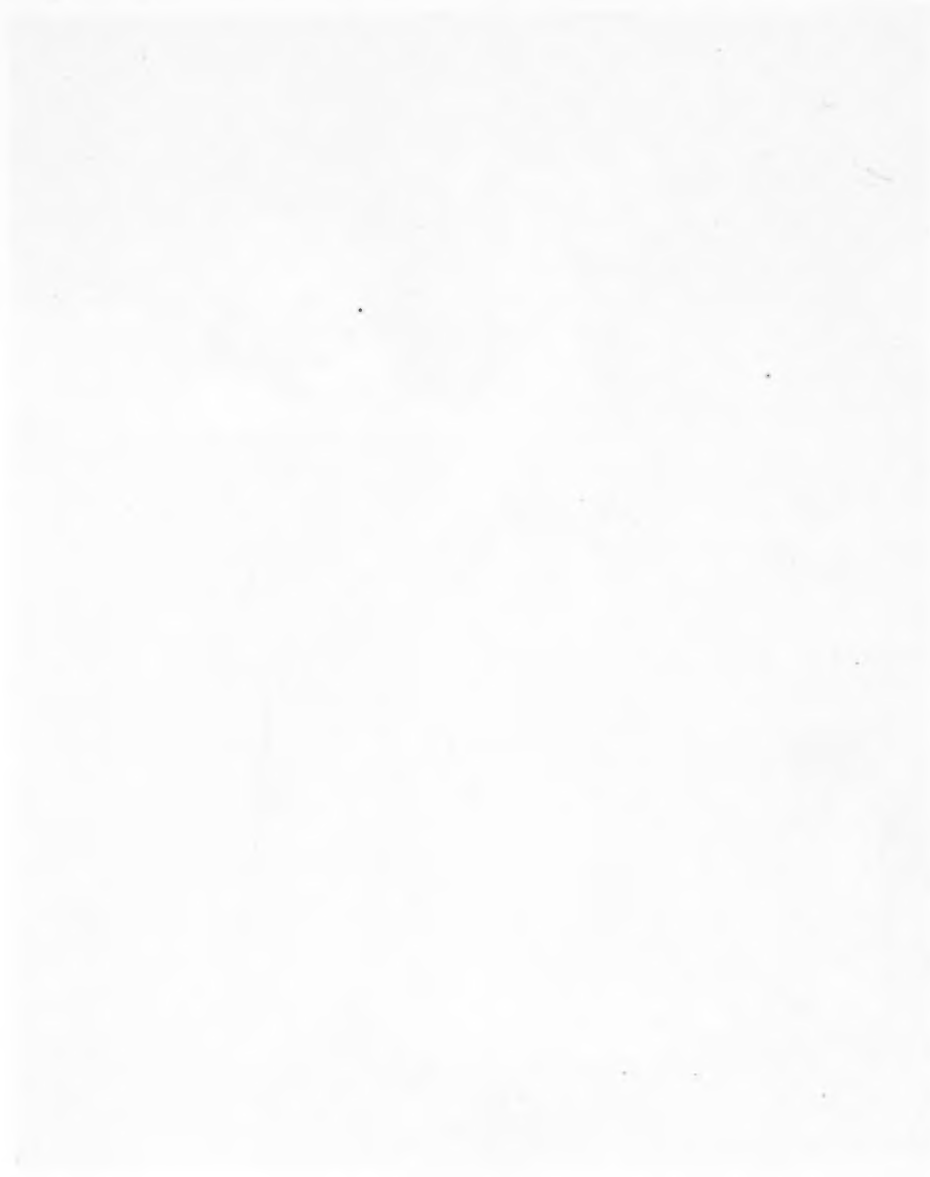
P.S. I am not so very little, as I am fourteen, and people say large for my age.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you a riddle. As I have not been sending any riddles or doing anything of the sort, I hope this will be printed in ST. NICHOLAS. It runs as follows: What is blacker than a crow? The answer is: Its feathers.

Yours sincerely, ADOLPH N. STRUCK.

Interesting letters have also been received from George Warren Walker, Stanley and Chester Wader, Constance Pendleton, Helen S. Benner, Dorothea Tingley, Alden Bridge, Harold M. Wright, and Marguerite A. Mosman.





AT THE SPINET.

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